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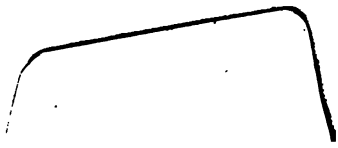

John Nason

THE

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

VERSE and PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

With some Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR T. WALKER, AT CICERO'S-HEAD, IN DAME-STREET.

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Gotham 1032

ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inſcribed to her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
ROSAMOND.

———————*Ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

THE *Opera* firſt *Italian* maſters taught,
Enrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre diſdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
And bluſhes on her injur'd ſtage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet ſtupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as *Corelli*, but as *Virgil* ſtrong.
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And muſic borrows helps, ſhe us'd to give.

Thy ſtile hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
That height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.

Landſkips how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and laviſh fancy builds!
What art can trace the viſionary ſcenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlaſting greens,
The babbling ſounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy ſhade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all *Elyſium* to one view confin'd!
No farther could imaginaiton roam,
Till *Vanbrugh* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the dome.

Ten thouſand pangs my anxious boſom tear,
When drown'd in tears I ſee th' imploring fair:
When bards leſs ſoft the moving words ſupply,
A ſeeming juſtice dooms the nymph to die:
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring ſwans complain)
Each verſe ſo ſwells, expreſſive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines ſo mournful flows;
We, ſpite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.

Let

Let joy tranſport fair *Roſamonda's* ſhade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with *Dido's* ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the ſtory of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
Nor longer that relentleſs doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *Addiſon*.

Accept, great monarch of the *Britiſh* lays,
The tribute ſong an humble ſubject pays.
So tries the artleſs lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the God of verſe and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boaſt of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the ſtrings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies;
Feels correſponding joys or ſorrows riſe,
And views thy *Roſamond* with *Henry's* eyes.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King *Henry*.

Sir *Truſty*, keeper of the bower.

Page.

Meſſenger.

WOMEN.

Queen *Elinor*.

Roſamond

Grideline, wife to Sir *Truſty*.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodſtock-Park*.

ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Proſpect of Woodſtock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What ſcenes appear!
Where-e'r I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And ſoft *Elyſiums* riſe:
Flow'ry mountains,
Moſſy fountains,
Shady woods,
Chryſtal floods,
With wild variety ſurpriſe.

As o'er the hollow vaults we walk, *
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is toſt,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves reſounding,
Not a ſingle word is loſt.

PAGE.

There gentle *Roſamond* immured
Lives from the world and you ſecured.

QUEEN.

Curſe on the name! I faint, I die,
With ſecret pangs of jealouſy.——— [*Aſide.*

PAGE.

There does the penſive beauty mourn,
And languiſh for her Lord's return.

QUEEN.

Death and confuſion! I'm too ſlow——— [*Aſide.*
Show me the happy manſion, ſhow———

PAGE.

Great *Henry* there———

QUEEN.

Trifler, no more! ———

PAGE.

———Great *Henry* there
Will ſoon forget the toils of war.

QUEEN.

No more! the happy manſion ſhow
That holds this lovely guilty foe.

* Alluding to the famous echo in *Woodſtock-Park.*

My

My wrath, like that of heav'n, ſhall riſe,
And blaſt her in her paradiſe.

PAGE.

Behold on yonder riſing ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on Glades,
Shades on ſhades,
Running an eternal round.

QUEEN.

In ſuch an endleſs maze I rove,
Loſt in labyrinths of love.
My breaſt with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring ſoul by turns.

PAGE.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the ſoft confinement guides.

QUEEN.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither doſt thou go!
What has ſhe done to move thee ſo!
—Does ſhe not warm with guilty fire
The faithleſs Lord of my deſire?

Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She ſhall die, ſhe ſhall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent:
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not reſign!
One ſo great and ſo brave
All hearts muſt enſlave.

PAGE.

Hark, hark! what ſound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry *comes!*
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A ſound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry mind.

QUEEN.

Henry returns from danger free!
Henry returns!——but not to me.
He comes his *Roſamond* to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows, to *Eleonora* due.

Here

Here ſhall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his abſence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitreſs ſhall bleed;
No fear ſhall alarm,
No pity diſarm;
In my rage ſhall be ſeen
The revenge of a Queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir TRUSTY, Knight of the Bower, *ſolus.*

How happy is he,
That is ty'd to a ſhe,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are ſo jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I ſhiver;
Whence riſes this convulſive ſtrife?
I ſmell a ſhrew!
My fears are true,
I ſee my wife.

SCENE

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Faithleſs varlet, art thou there?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

GRIDELINE.

Monſter, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Why wilt thou call thy turtle ſo?

GRIDELINE.

Cheat me not with falſe careſſes.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Let me ſtop thy mouth with kiſſes.

GRIDELINE.

Thoſe to fair *Roſamond* are due.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

She is not half ſo fair as you.

GRIDELINE.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir *TRUSTY*

I'll be thine, and let her die.

GRIDELINE.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I ſee,
Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

O Grideline! *conſult thy glaſs,*
Behold that ſweet bewitching face,
Thoſe blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.

GRIDELINE.

O how bleſt were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Truſty *mine!*
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With ſoft, but ah! deceiving ſmiles:
How ſhould I revel in delight,
The ſpouſe of ſuch a peerleſs Knight!

Sir *TRUSTY,*

At length the ſtorm begins to ceaſe,
I've ſooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aſide.*
I feel, I feel my fury riſe!
Tigreſs, be gone.

GRIDELINE.

——————I love thee ſo,
I cannot go.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Fly from my paſſion, Beldame, fly!

GRIDELINE.

Why ſo unkind, Sir *Truſty,* why?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Thou'rt the plague of my life.

GRIDELINE.

I'm a fooliſh fond wife.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Let us part,
Let us part.

GRIDELINE.

Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

I will if I can.

GRIDELINE.

O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this paſſion flow?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Thou art ugly and old,
And a villainous ſcold.

GRIDELINE,

Thou art a ruſtic to call me ſo.
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villainous ſcold,
But thou art a ruſtic to call me ſo.
Thou, traitor, adieu!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Farewel, thou ſhrew!

GRIDELINE.

Thou traitor.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Thou ſhrew!

BOTH.

Adieu! Adieu! [*Exit* Grid.

Sir *TRUSTY* ſolus,

How hard is our fate,
Who ſerve in the ſtate,
And ſhould lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils
Make all our great labours miſcarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Roſamond*'s bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the ſmall,
As principal pimp to the mighty King *Harry.*
But ſee, the penſive fair draws near:
I'll at a diſtance ſtand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and Sir* TRUSTY.

ROSAMOND.

From walk to walk, from ſhade to ſhade,
From ſtream to purling ſtream convey'd,

Through

Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my Lord's return
I ſigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?
To rend my breaſt,
And break my reſt,
A thouſand thouſand ills combine.
Abſence wounds me,
Fear ſurrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

What heart of ſtone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps ſo doleful join! [*Aparte*

ROSAMOND.

How does my conſtant grief deface
The pleaſures of this happy place!
In vain the ſpring my ſenſes greets
In all her colours, all her ſweets;
To me the roſe
No longer glows,

Every

Every plant
Has loſt his ſcent;
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The bloſſoms freſh with morning dew,
The breeze, that ſweeps theſe fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple ſcenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſtore)
Charm my tortur'd ſoul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why ſo ſlow! great Henry, *why!*
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my Monarch, fly!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

How much more bleſs'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

O *Roſamond*, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curſe this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence aſtray:

At home thou ſeeſt thy Queen enraged,
Abroad thy abſent Lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Such cold complaints befit a nun:
If ſhe turns honeſt, I'm undone! [*Apart.*

ROSAMOND.

Beneath ſome hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near ſome warbling fountain
Bewail myſelf aſleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring ſtreams,
And winds in conſort joining,
Raiſe ſadly-pleaſing dreams. [Exit *Roſ.*

Sir *TRUSTY ſolus.*

What ſavage tiger would not pity
A damſel ſo diſtreſs'd and pretty!
But ha! a ſound my bower invades,
[*Trumpets flouriſh.*
And echoes through the winding ſhades;
'Tis *Henry*'s march! the tune I know:
A meſſenger! It muſt be ſo.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER *and Sir* TRUSTY.

MESSENGER.

Great *Henry* comes! with love oppreſt;
Prepare to lodge thy royal gueſt.
From purple fields with ſlaughter ſpread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with ſpoils,
Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

The bower and Lady both are dreſt,
And ready to receive their gueſt.

MESSENGER.

Hither the victor flies, (his Queen
And royal progeny unſeen;)
Soon as the *Britiſh* ſhores he reach'd,
Hither his foaming courſer ſtretch'd;
And ſee! his eager ſteps prevent
The meſſage that himſelf hath ſent!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Here will I ſtand
With hat in hand,
Obſequiouſly to meet him,
And muſt endeavour
At behaviour,
That's ſuitable to greet him.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter King Henry *after a flouriſh of Trumpets.*

KING.

Where is my love! my *Roſamond!*

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Firſt, as in ſtricteſt duty bound,
I kiſs your royal hand.

KING.

Where is my life! my *Roſamond!*

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Next with ſubmiſſion moſt profound,
I welcome you to land.

KING.

Where is the tender, charming fair!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I ſay.

KING.

Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

For when we have a Prince's ear,
We ſhould have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to ſpeak, and him to hear,

KING.

Theſe dull delays, I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir *TRUSTY.*

I ſpeak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! ſhe faints, ſhe dies.

KING.

What doſt thou ſay? I ſhake with fear.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

KING.

Was ever nymph like Roſamond,
So fair, ſo faithful, and ſo fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all deſire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and ſprings to her embrace.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

At the ſight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chooſe
For firſt interviews?

KING.

Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roſes, jeſſamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling ſweets have wove
The particolour'd gay alcove.

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Your Highneſs, Sir, as I preſume,
Has choſe the moſt convenient gloom;
There's not a ſpot in all the park
Has trees ſo thick, and ſhades ſo dark.

KING.

Mean-while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-ſick jealouſy appear;
Nor ſenſeleſs pomp, nor noiſe intrude
On this delicious ſolitude;
But pleaſure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
Oh the pleaſing pleaſing anguiſh.
When we love, and when we languiſh!
Wiſhes riſing!
Thoughts ſurpriſing!
Pleaſure courting!
Charms tranſporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys enſuing!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing anguiſh! [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary ſoul forget
Reſtleſs glory, martial ſtrife,
Anxious pleaſures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

ROSAMOND.

Thus let me loſe, in riſing joys,
Fierce impatience, fond deſires,
Abſence that flatt'ring hopes deſtroys,
And life-conſuming fires.

KING,

Not the loud *Britiſh* ſhout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor claſhing arms,
Nor fields with hoſtile banners ſtrow'd,
Nor life on proſtrate *Gauls* beſtow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breaſt,
While with my *Roſamond* I'm bleſt.

ROSAMOND.

My *Henry* is my ſoul's delight,
My wiſh by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The ſecret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror ſurvey,
And look my very ſoul away.

KING.

O may the preſent bliſs endure,
From fortune, time, and death ſecure?

BOTH.

O may the preſent bliſs endure!

KING.

My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Thoſe gentle ſounds could ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppreſt,
My aking temples call for reſt!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreſhing ſlumbers I'll invite,
Then ſeek again my abſent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit* King.

ROSAMOND ſola.

From whence this ſad preſaging fear,
This ſudden ſigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my ſilent dreams by night
With ſuch a look I've ſeen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the ſky,
And loſt in endleſs tracts of light;

While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and diſmal deſerts borne,
Through lonely wilds have ſeem'd to ſtray,
A long, uncomfortable way.
They're fantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endleſs joys in ſtore.
Farewel ſorrow, farewel fear,
They're fantoms all! my Henry's *here.*

SCENE II.

A Poſtern Gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

GRIDELINE.

My ſtomach ſwells with ſecret ſpite,
To ſee my fickle, faithleſs Knight,
With upright geſture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable *Grideline?*

GRIDELINE.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eye ſo oft I ſpy
His whiſkers curl'd, and ſhoe-ſtrings ty'd,
A new toledo by his ſide,
In ſhoulder-belt ſo trimly plac'd,
With band ſo nicely ſmooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE.

If *Roſamond* his garb has view'd,
The Knight is falſe, the nymph ſubdu'd.

GRIDELINE.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falſhood by a thouſand ſigns:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the fooliſh echo talks:
Oft in the glaſs he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond eaſy heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Roſamond* and ſmiles.

PAGE.

Well may you feel theſe ſoft alarms,
She has a heart———

GRIDELINE.

———And he has charms.

PAGE.

Your fears are too juſt———

GRIDELINE.

———Too plainly I've prov'd.

BOTH.

He loves and is lov'd.

GRIDELINE.

O mercileſs fate!

PAGE.

Deplorable ſtate!

GRIDELINE.

To die———

PAGE.

———To be ſlain

GRIDELINE.

By a barbarous ſwain,

BOTH.

That laughs at your pain.

GRIDELINE.

How ſhou'd I act? canſt thou adviſe?

PAGE.

Open the gate, if you are wiſe;
I, in an unſuſpected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their looſe amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Truſty* innocent.

GRIDELINE.

Thou art in truth
A forward youth,

Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'ſt our ſex. Thou art a page.

PAGE.

I'll do what I can
To ſurpriſe the falſe man.

GRIDELINE.

Of ſuch a faithful ſpy I've need: *
Go in, and if thy plot ſucceed,
Fair youth, thou may'ſt depend on this,
I'll pay thy ſervice with a kiſs. [*Exit* Page.

GRIDELINE ſola.

Pr'ythee, Cupid, *no more*
Hurl thy darts at threeſcore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Truſty *and me*
From thy frolics be free.

SCENE III.

PAGE ſolus.

O the ſoft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various ſhades ariſe,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes;
Paths by meeting paths are croſt,
Alleys in winding alleys loſt;

* An opening ſcene diſcovers another view of the bower.

Fountains

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolneſs to the paſſing breeze.
A thouſand fairy ſcenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a ſtream,
Sweet deluſion,
Gay confuſion,
All a viſion, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN.

At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My boſom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thouſand checks my heart controul,
A thouſand terrors ſhake my ſoul.

PAGE.

Behold the brazen gate unbar'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard— [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

I ſee, I ſee my hands imbru'd
In purple ſtreams of reeking blood:
I ſee the victim gaſp for breath,
And ſtart in agonies of death:
I ſee my raging dying Lord,
And O, I ſee myſelf abhorr'd!

PAGE.

My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear *Brittania*'s Queen lament. [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

What ſhall my trembling ſoul purſue?

PAGE.

Behold, great Queen, the place in view!

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs inſtruct me what to do!

PAGE.

That bow'r will ſhow
The guilty foe.

QUEEN.

——It is decreed—it ſhall be ſo; [*After a pauſe.*
I cannot ſee my Lord repine,
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they moſt charms to move,
Whoſe boſoms burn with pureſt love!

PAGE.

Her heart with rage and fondneſs glows,
O jealouſy! thou hell of woes! [*Aſide.*
That conſcious ſcene of love contains
The fatal cauſe of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale ſhe lies,
Where thoſe fair bloſſom'd arbours riſe.

QUEEN.

Let us haſte to deſtroy
Her guilt and her joy.

Wild

Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy ſtriving,
Heaven in pity ſend relief!
The pangs of love,
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and deſpair
What heart can bear!
Eaſe my ſoul, or ſtrike me dead! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *ſola.*

Tranſporting pleaſure, who can tell it!
When our longing eyes diſcover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!
A ſudden motion ſhakes the grove:
I hear the ſteps of him I love;
Prepare, my ſoul, to meet thy bliſs!
———Death to my eyes; what ſight is this!
The Queen, th' offended Queen I ſee!
———Open, O earth! and ſwallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN with a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other.

QUEEN.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom.
Thy crimes in their full period tend,
Or ſoon by this, or this ſhall end.

ROSAMOND.

What ſhall I ſay, or how reply
To threats of injur'd Majeſty?

QUEEN.

Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.

ROSAMOND.

Can *Britain*'s Queen give ſuch commands,
Or dip in blood thoſe ſacred hands?
In her ſhall ſuch revenge be ſeen?
Far be that from *Britain*'s Queen!

QUEEN.

How black does my deſign appear!
Was ever mercy ſo ſevere? [*Aſide.*

ROSAMOND.

When tides of youthful blood runs high,
And ſcenes of promis'd joys are nigh,

Health

Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

ROSAMOND.

Who could resist great *Henry*'s charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with lovesick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!

QUEEN.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore?
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

ROSAMOND.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN.

——They flow in vain.

ROSAMOND.

Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs!——

QUEEN.

——They rise too late.

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

ROSAMOND.

Tho' I live wretched, let me live,
In ſome deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Baniſh'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where ſhades of everlaſting night
May this unhappy face diſarm,
And caſt a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor ſee the ſun, nor *Henry* more.

QUEEN.

Moving language, ſhining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and aſſuage. [Aſide.

ROSAMOND.

What ſhall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance!

QUEEN.

———Thou ſhalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Give me but one moment's ſtay. [*Aſide.*
———O *Henry*, why ſo far away.

QUEEN.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of ſtreaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

———O ſpare my blood,

And

And let me graſp the deadly bowl.

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN.

Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my ſoul! [*Aſide.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus proſtrate at your feet I fall.
O let me ſtill for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees*
Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heav'n,
The ſoul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the lateſt gaſp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, ſhew it now.

QUEEN.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and deaths ſhall thine purſue. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSAMOND.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow,
————Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go! [*Drinks.*

QUEEN.

Where thy paſt life thou ſhalt lament,
And wiſh thou hadſt been innocent.

ROSAMOND.

Tyrant! to aggravate the ſtroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying ſoul with fury burns,
And ſlighted grief to madneſs turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Roſamond *will leave thee ſo.*

At dead of night,
A glaring ſpright,
With hideous ſcreams,
I'll haunt thy dreams;
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry *ſhall revenge my cauſe.*

O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive,
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary ſprings of life ſtand ſtill;
The ſleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*

QUEEN.

Hear and obſerve your Queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath thoſe hills a convent ſtands,
Where the fam'd ſtreams of *Iſis* ſtray;
Thither the breathleſs coarſe convey,
And bid the cloiſter'd maids with care
The due ſolemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquiſh'd foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquiſh'd foe to live!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY *in a fright.*

A breathleſs corpſe! what have I ſeen!
And follow'd by the jealous Queen!
It muſt be ſhe! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir *Truſty* live
To hear his Maſter chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate ſuch bitter beer,
Fair *Roſamond*, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The King this doleful news ſhall read
In lines of my inditing:
" *Great Sir*, [*Writes.*
" Your *Roſamond* is dead
" As I am at this preſent writing.
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance——I ſtretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels——I'm gone.
[Staggers and falls.

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *ſola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Roſamond* ſhall charm no more.

Hence

Hence ye ſecret damps of care,
Fierce diſdain, and cold deſpair.
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealouſy, the rage of love.
My Henry *ſhall be mine alone,*
The hero ſhall be all my own;
Nobler joys poſſeſs my heart,
Than crowns and ſceptres can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a grotto,* HENRY *aſleep, a cloud deſcends, in it two angels ſuppos'd to be the guardian ſpirits of the* Britiſh *Kings in war and in peace.*

1 *ANGEL.*

BEHOLD the unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 *ANGEL.*

In fields of death around his head
A ſhield of adamant I ſpread.

1 *ANGEL.*

In hours of peace, unſeen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *Britiſh* throne.

2 *ANGEL.*

When hoſts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving faulchion I miſguide,
And turn the feather'd ſhaft aſide.

1 *ANGEL.*

When dark fermenting factions ſwell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thouſand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

BOTH.

BOTH.

But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 ANGEL.

I'll fire his ſoul with mighty themes,
'Till love before ambition fly.

1 ANGEL.

I'll ſooth his cares in pleaſing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 ANGEL.

Whatever glorious and renown'd
On Britiſh *annals can be found;*
Whatever actions ſhall adorn
Britannia's *heroes, yet unborn,*
In dreadful viſions ſhall ſucceed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul ſhall bleed,
Creſſy *ſhall ſtand before his eyes,*
And Agincourt *and* Blenheim *riſe.*

1 ANGEL.

See, ſee, he ſmiles amidſt his trance,
And ſhakes a viſionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, claſhing arms,
The ſofter prints of love deface;
And trumpets ſound in ev'ry trace.

BOTH.

Glory ſtrives!
The field is won!
Fame revives,
And love is gone.

1 AN-

1 *ANGEL.*

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and ſee
What after long revolving years,
Thy bower ſhall be!
When, time its beauties ſhall deface,
And only with its ruins grace,
The future proſpect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile aſcending!*
Columns ſwelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp ariſing,
Art in curious ſtrokes ſurpriſing,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile aſcending!

2 *ANGEL.*

He ſees, he ſees the great reward
For *Anna's* mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no meaſure keep,
Too vehement and fierce her ſleep.

1 *ANGEL.*

Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead———

2 *ANGEL.*

———And grief may rage———

BOTH.

But both ſhall plead and rage in vain.

[The angels aſcend, and the viſion diſappears

* Scene changes to the plan of *Blenheim*-caſtle.

HENRY,

HENRY, ſtarting from the couch.

Where have my raviſh'd ſenſes been!
What joys, what wonders, have I ſeen!
The ſcene yet ſtands before my eye,
A thouſand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obſcure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day diſplay'd,
My ſoft inglorious hours upbraid.
Tranſported with ſo bright a ſcheme,
My waking life appears a dream.
Adieu, ye wanton ſhades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Roſy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!
O *Roſamond!* O riſing woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O *Roſamond!* O fair diſtreſs'd,
How ſhall my heart, with grief oppreſs'd,
Its unrelenting purpoſe tell;
And take the long, the laſt farewel!
Riſe, glory, riſe in all thy charms,
Thy waving creſt, and burniſh'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courſer bound,

Bid

Bid the drum and trumpets join,
Warm my ſoul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will aſk them all. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to that part of the bower where Sir Truſty *lies upon the ground, with the bowl and dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every ſtar, and ev'ry pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence,
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to aſſuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Myſterious love, uncertain treaſure,
Haſt thou more of pain or pleaſure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endleſs torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!
But oh the fight my ſoul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I baniſh'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I muſt retire.
[*Retires to the end of the ſtage.*

SCENE

QUEEN.

A heart ſo unrepenting.

KING.

A rage ſo unrelenting.

BOTH.

Will for ever
Love diſſever.
Will for ever break our reſt.

KING.

Floods of ſorrow will I ſhed
To mourn the lovely ſhade!
My *Roſamond*, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, ſo ſoft an air,
Did ever nymph diſcloſe!
The lily was not half ſo fair,
Nor half ſo ſweet the roſe.

QUEEN.

How is his heart with anguiſh torn! [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I cannot ſee you mourn:
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented ſo, cou'd die.

KING.

The living! ſpeak, oh ſpeak again!
Why will you dally with my pain!

QUEEN.

Were your lov'd *Roſamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

KING.

KING.

Oh no; by viſions from above,
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my laſt adieu,

QUEEN.

How am I bleſs'd if this be true!——— [*Aſide.*

KING.

And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!———

QUEEN.

Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Roſamond* does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him eaſe?
When his paſſion we diſcover,
Oh how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!
The bliſs returns, and we receive
Tranſports greater than we give.

KING.

O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does *Roſamond* live?

QUEEN.

The bowl with drowſy juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* drugs diſtill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But ſoon the waking nymph ſhall riſe,

And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloiſter'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in ſongs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent ſhall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

KING.

How am I bleſs'd if this be true! [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

Atoning for herſelf and you.

KING.

I aſk no more! ſecure the fair
In life and bliſs: I aſk not where:
For ever from my fancy fled,
May the whole world believe her dead.
That no foul miniſter of vice
Again my ſinking ſoul intice
Its broken paſſion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN.

How does my heart for ſuch a prize
The vain cenſorious world deſpiſe,
Tho' diſtant ages, yet unborn,
For *Roſamond* ſhall falſly mourn,
And with the preſent times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for ſuch a prize
The vain cenſorious world deſpiſe!

But

But ſee your ſlave, while yet I ſpeak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion ſhall ſurvive
Believe your *Roſamond* alive.

KING.

O happy day! O pleaſing view!
My Queen forgives———

QUEEN.

———My Lord is true.

KING.

No more I'll change.

QUEEN.

No more I'll grieve:

BOTH.

But ever thus united live.

Sir *TRUSTY awaking.*

In which world am I! all I ſee,
Ev'ry thicket, buſh and tree,
So like the place from whence I came;
That one wou'd ſwear it were the ſame.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiſkers, 'tis my face!
The ſelf-ſame habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er wou'd bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

GRIDELINE.

Have I then liv'd to ſee this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Widow *Truſty*, why ſo fine?
Why doſt thou thus in colours ſhine?
Thou ſhould'ſt thy huſband's death bewail
In ſable veſture, peak and veil.

GRIDELINE.

Forbear theſe fooliſh freaks, and ſee
How our good King and Queen agree.
Why ſhou'd not we their ſteps purſue,
And do as our ſuperiors do?

Sir *TRUSTY.*

Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I ſee;
But this I'm ſure, howe'er it be,
It ſuits a perſon in my ſtation
T'obſerve the mode, and be in faſhion.
Then let not *Grideline* the chaſte
Offended be for what is paſt,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

GRIDELINE.

I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis ſo courtly to be true.
Since conjugal paſſion,
Is come into faſhion,
And marriage ſo bleſt on the the throne is,
Like a Venus *I'll ſhift,*
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Truſty *ſhall be my* Adonis.
Sir *TRUSTY.*
And Sir Truſty *ſhall be thy* Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

KING.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou ſource of chaſte delights,
Chearful days, and bliſsful nights,
Thou doſt untainted joys diſpenſe,
And pleaſure join with innocence:
Thy raptures laſt, and are ſincere
From future grief and preſent fear.

BOTH.

Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?

Vol:II facing pa.71. *G:Byrne Jc*

CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

Ecce ſpectaculum dignum, ad quod reſpiciat, intentus operi ſuo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, ſi convertere animum velit, quàm ut ſpectet Catonem, jam partibus non ſemel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum. Sen. de Divin. Prov.

VERSES

To the *AUTHOR* of the

TRAGEDY of CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided *Britons* awe,
And *Cato* with an equal virtue draw,
While *envy is itſelf in wonder loſt,*
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himſelf, not you, to recommend;
And joins th' applauſe which all the learn'd beſtow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my * light ſcenes I once inſcrib'd your name,
And impotently ſtrove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me then live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

* Tender huſband, *dedicated to Mr.* Addiſon.

THough *Cato* ſhines in *Virgil*'s epic ſong,
Preſcribing laws among th' *Elyſian* throng;
Tho' *Lucan*'s verſe, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themſelves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The *Roman* ſtage did ne'er his image ſee,
Drawn at full length; a taſk reſerv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And awful march before our raviſh'd eyes;
We hear his voice, aſſerting virtue's cauſe;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy ſcene appears.
On *Tiber*'s banks thy thought was firſt inſpir'd;
'Twas there, to ſome indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's antient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muſe this manly work deſign'd:
Or in a dream thou ſaw'ſt *Rome*'s genius ſtand,
And, leading *Cato* in his ſacred hand,
Point out th' immortal ſubject of thy lays,
And aſk this labour, to record his praiſe.
'Tis done, the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the *Britiſh* ſtage.
Great *Shakeſpear*'s ghoſt, the ſolemn train to hear,
(Methinks I ſee the laurel'd ſhade appear!)
Will hover o'er the ſcene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite *Brutus* rival'd thus by you.
Such *Roman* greatneſs in each action ſhines,
Such *Roman* eloquence adorns your lines,

That

That ſure the *Sibyls* books this year foretold;
And in ſome myſtic leaf was ſeen inroll'd,
'*Rome*, turn thy mournful eyes from *Afric*'s ſhore,
'Nor in her ſands thy *Cato*'s tomb explore!
'When thrice ſix hundred times the circling ſun
'His annual race ſhall thro' the zodiac run,
'An iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,
'And ev'ry generous *Briton* pay a tear.'

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we ſee! is *Cato* then become
A greater name in *Britain* than in *Rome*?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Virgil* wrote before?
How will poſterity this truth explain?
"*Cato* begins to live in *Anna*'s reign:"
The world's great chiefs in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught;
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And *Cæſar* fought, and *Cato* bled for you.

All Souls College, Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the ſtage,
And raiſe the thoughts of a degen'rate age,
To ſhow, how endleſs joys from freedom ſpring;
How life in bondage is a worthleſs thing.
The inborn greatneſs of your ſoul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With ſo much ſtrength you write, and ſo much eaſe,
Virtue, and ſenſe! how durſt you hope to pleaſe?
Yet crowds the ſentiments of ev'ry line
Impartial clapp'd, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the four critics, who malicious came,
Eager to cenſure, and reſolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly riſe,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obſtinate to melt,
And ſicken'd with the pleaſures which they felt.
Not ſo the *Fair* their paſſions ſecret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When glorioufly the blooming *Marcus* dy'd,
And *Cato* told the gods, *I'm ſatisfy'd.*
See! how your lays the *Britiſh* youth inflame!
They long to ſhoot, and ripen into fame.
Applauding theatres diſturb their reſt,
And unborn *Cato's* heave in ev'ry breaſt.
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulſes high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the *Marathonian* ſpoils,
The young *Themiſtocles* vow'd equal toils;

Did

Did then his ſchemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he ſaw.
How ſhall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of your fame!
We ſaw you the great *William*'s praiſe rehearſe,
And paint *Britannia*'s joys in *Roman* verſe.
We heard at diſtance, ſoft enchanting ſtrains,
From *blooming mountains*, and *Italian* plains.
Virgil began in *Engliſh* dreſs to ſhine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur, ſtill divine:
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful *Ovid* to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of ev'ry tongue,
Th' immortal *Marlb'rough* was your darling ſong;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as ſwiftly you purſue.
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conqueſts you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundleſs raptures here the muſe cou'd ſwell,
And on your *Roſamond* for ever dwell:
There op'ning ſweets, and ev'ry fragrant flow'r
Luxuriant ſmile, a never fading bow'r.
Next human follies kindly to expoſe,
You change from numbers, but not ſink in proſe:
Whether in viſionary ſcenes you play,
Refine our taſtes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buſkin'd muſe you ſhine confeſt,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breaſt.

Such

Such energy of ſenſe might pleaſure raiſe,
Tho' unembelliſh'd with the charms of phraſe:
Such charms of phraſe would with ſucceſs be crown'd,
Tho' nonſenſe flow'd in the melodious ſound.
The chaſteſt virgin needs no bluſhes fear,
The learn'd themſelves, not uninſtructed, hear.
The libertine, in pleaſures us'd to roll,
And idly ſport with an immortal ſoul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverſe vaſt *Numidia's* plains,
What ſluggiſh *Briton* in his iſle remains?
When *Juba* ſeeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket and provoke the fight.
By the deſcription warm'd, we fondly ſweat,
And in the chilling eaſt-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how *the ſtream refines,*
Till by degrees the floating mirrour ſhines?
While hurricanes *in circling eddies play*
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away,
We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding ruin hear,
When purple robes, diſtain'd with blood deceive,
And make poor *Marcia* beautifully grieve,
When ſhe her ſecret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his *Lybian* crown, but *Roman* bride.

But

But I in vain on ſingle features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the ſtore, ſo dubious is the feaſt,
We know not which to paſs, or which to taſte.
The ſhining incidents ſo juſtly fall,
We may the whole, new ſcenes of tranſport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
And with variety of gems ſurpriſe.
Here *Sapphires*, here the *Sardian-ſtone* is ſeen,
The *Topaz* yellow, and the *Jaſper* green.
The coſtly *Brilliant* there, confus'dly bright,
From num'rous ſurfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we ſtand, unable where to praiſe,
In pleaſure ſweetly loſt ten thouſand ways.

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

E. EUSDEN.

TOO long hath love engroſs'd *Britannia*'s ſtage,
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage:
By that alone, did empires fall or riſe,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes;
The ſweet infection mixt with dang'rous art,
Debas'd our manhood while it ſooth'd the heart.
You ſcorn to raiſe a grief thyſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may juſtly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, ſhed for all mankind.
How do our ſouls with gen'rous pleaſure glow,
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero ſtands beneath the weight,
Of all his ſufferings, venerably great;
Rome's poor remains ſtill ſhelt'ring by his ſide,
With conſcious virtue, and becoming pride.
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His ſap exhauſted, and his branches bare,
'Midſt ſtorms and earthquakes he maintains his ſtate,
Fixt deep in earth, and faſten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs ſtill lend the ſhepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful ſhade.
Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
Our patriots ſadden at his glorious woes,
A while they let the world's great buſineſs wait,
Anxious for *Rome*, and ſigh for *Cato*'s fate.
Here taught how antient heroes roſe to fame,
Britons crowd, and catch the *Roman* flame,

Where

Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And kings and prieſts without a bluſh appear.
France boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to *Britiſh* arms, and *Britiſh* wit:
No more ſhe'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like *Romans*, could like *Romans* fight.
Thy *Oxford* ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenate, conſuls, and the gods of *Rome*,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find each deed, each word expreſt,
And ev'ry thought that ſwell'd a *Roman* breaſt.
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With *Virgil*'s judgment, and with *Lucan*'s fire;
We know thy worth, and give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt,

Queen's College,
Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

SIR,

SIR,

WHEN your gen'rous labour firſt I view'd,
And *Cato*'s hands in his own blood imbru'd;
That ſcene of death ſo terrible appears,
My ſoul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with ſuch wond'rous art your ſkilful hand
Does all the paſſions of the ſoul command,
That ev'n my grief to praiſe and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which firſt I mourn'd.
What pen but yours cou'd draw the doubtful ſtriſe,
Of honour ſtruggling with the love of life?
Deſcribe the patriot, obſtinately good,
As hov'ring o'er eternity he ſtood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing ſight, and heav'n the diſtant ſhore.
Secure of endleſs bliſs, with fearleſs eyes,
He graſps the dagger, and its point deſies,
And ruſhes out of life to ſnatch the glorious prize.
How would old *Rome* rejoice to hear you tell
How juſt her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
And form new *Juba*'s in the *Britiſh* youth.
Their gen'rous ſouls, when he reſigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death;
And when her conqu'ring ſword *Britannia* draws,
Reſolve to periſh or defend her cauſe.
Now firſt on *Albion*'s theatre we ſee,
A perfect image of what man ſhould be;

The

The glorious character is now expreſt,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breaſt,
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In *Cato*'s ſoul, as in her heav'n, ſhe ſhines.

All Souls College, DIGBY COTES.
Oxon.

Left with the Printer by an unknown Hand.

NOW we may ſpeak, ſince *Cato* ſpeaks no more;
'Tis praiſe at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with *Iōs* rung
Sent to the ſkies from whence thy genius ſprung:
Ev'n civil rage a while in thine was loſt;
And factions ſtrove but to applaud thee moſt;
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taſte;
But every night was dearer than the laſt.

As when old *Rome* in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of ſome returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead diſcharg'd,
For fame, for treaſure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate paſſions fir'd th' adoring throng; (tongue.
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and ſhouts from ev'ry
So in thy pompous lines has *Cato* far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With

PROLOGUE

By Mr. *POPE.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with antient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman *drops from* Britiſh *eyes.*
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and godlike* Cato *was:*
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure heav'n itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate!

Whil

While Cato *gives his little ſenate laws,*
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and wiſhes not to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar *'midſt triumphal cars,*
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome *her* Cato's *figure drawn in ſtate,*
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd,—tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæſar's *leſs than* Cato's *ſword.*
Britons, *attend: Be worth like this approv'd,*
And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning arts from* Greece, *whom ſhe ſubdu'd:*
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French *tranſlation, and* Italian *ſong.*
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh *ear,*
As Cato's *ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

CATO,	Mr. *Booth.*
Lucius, *a ſenator.*	Mr. *Keen.*
Sempronius, *a ſenator.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Juba, *prince of* Numidia.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Syphax, *general of the* Numidians.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Portius, *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Powell.*
Marcus, *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Ryan.*
Decius, *ambaſſador from* Cæſar.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, *daughter to* Cato.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lucia, *daughter to* Lucius.	Mrs. *Porter.*

SCENE a large hall in the Governor's palace of *Utica.*

C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already *Cæſar*
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword.
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and ſupport his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy ſteady temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæſar*,
In the calm lights of mild philoſophy;

I'm

I'm tortur'd, even to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharſalia riſes to my view!——————I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with *Rome*'s citizens, and drench'd in ſlaughter,
His horſe's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man,
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſufferings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and power uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
Againſt a world, a baſe degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæſar*?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor epitome of *Roman* greatneſs,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs

A feeble

A feeble army, and an empty ſenate;
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heav'ns, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: Our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

MARCUS.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe;
Oh, *Portius*, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs
That wring my ſoul, thou couldſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpity'd, and ſucceſsleſs love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind! ——

PORTIUS.

Thou ſee'ſt not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aſide.*
Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy *Cato*'s ſon.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that *Marcus* is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high ambition, and a thirſt of greatneſs;
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulſe,
I feel it here: my reſolution melts———

PORTIUS.

Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our ſiſter *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But ſtill the ſmother'd fondneſs burns within him.
When moſt it ſwells, and labours for a vent,
The ſenſe of honour, and deſire of fame
Drive the big paſſion back into his heart.
What! ſhall an *African*, ſhall *Juba*'s heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s ſon, and ſhow the world
A virtue wanting in a *Roman* ſoul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, ſhow

A virtue

A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtraight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's ſufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilſt I ſpeak——Do they not ſwim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow?

PORTIUS.

O *Marcus*, did I know the way to eaſe
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of friends!
Pardon a weak diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions:—but *Sempronius* comes:
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conſpiracies no ſooner ſhould be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aſide.*
Good-morrow, *Portius!* let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.
To-morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms:
This ſun perhaps, this morning ſun's the laſt,
That e'er ſhall riſe on *Roman* liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together,
To this poor hall his little *Roman* ſenate,
(The leavings of *Pharſalia*) to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods, before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to *Cæſar*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majeſty of *Rome*
Can raiſe her ſenate more than *Cato's* preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful:
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make ev'n *Cæſar* tremble at the head

Of

Of armies flush'd with conqueſt. O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Wou'd but thy ſiſter *Marcia* be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bleſs'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! *Sempronius*, wou'dſt thou talk of love
To *Marcia*, whilſt her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'ſt as well court the pale trembling veſtal,
When ſhe beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I ſee the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou muſt take heed, my *Portius*,
The world has all its eyes on *Cato*'s ſon,
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhews thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour——I'll ſtrait away,
And while the fathers of the ſenate meet
In cloſe debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the ſoldiers drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouſe up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deſerve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS ſolus.

Curſe on the ſtrippling! how he apes his ſire?
Ambitiouſly ſententious!——but I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
Is well diſpoſed to miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the courſe.
——*Cato* has us'd me ill: He has refuſed
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Beſides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cauſe
Are bars to my ambition. *Cæſar*'s favour,
That ſhow'rs down greatneſs on his friends, will raiſe me
To *Rome*'s firſt honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!——

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

——*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've ſounded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s diſcipline,
And wait but the command to change their maſter.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waſte;
Even whilſt we ſpeak our conqueror comes on,

And

And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not *Cæſar*'s active ſoul,
With what a dreadful courſe he ruſhes on
From war to war: In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppoſe his paſſage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* ſink before him,
Through winds and waves, and ſtorms he works his way
Impatient for the battle: One day more
Will ſet the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba?*
That ſtill would recommend thee more to *Cæſar*,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX.

Alas he's loſt,
He's loſt, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato*'s virtues——but I'll try once more
(For ev'ry inſtant I expect him here)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And ſtruck th' infection into all his ſoul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be ſure to preſs upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæſar*'s hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your ſenate
Is call'd together! gods! thou muſt be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion, ('tis the ſureſt way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæſar* 'till I ſhake the ſenate.
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick: would'ſt thou be thought in earneſt?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX,

In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more, be ſure to try thy ſkill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll haſten to my *Roman* ſoldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their diſcontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we muſt work in haſte:
O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on ev'ry word we ſpeak,

On

On ev'ry thought, till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [*Exit*

SYPHAX ſolus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This head-ſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at *Cato*.
The time is ſhort, *Cæſar* comes ruſhing on us——
But hold! young *Juba* ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerved of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eyes thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the *Roman* in me.

JUBA.

Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous terms
Againſt the lords and ſov'reigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Afric*,

Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above our own *Numidia*'s tawny ſons!
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm!
Who like our active *African* inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephants,
Loaden with war? theſe, theſe are arts, my prince,
In which your *Zama* does not ſtoop to *Rome*.

JUBA.

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
And lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make man mild, and ſociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and lib'ral arts;
The embelliſhments of life: Virtues like theſe,
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind heav'ns!—excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wond'rous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,

That

That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods deſign'd us?

JUBA.

To ſtrike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to *Cato!*
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, there's not an *African*
That traverſes our vaſt *Numidian* deſarts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chace,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn;

Then

Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
' But grant that others cou'd with equal glory
' Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
' Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
' Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like *Cato*?
' Heav'ns! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind
' He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſuff'rings!
' How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
' And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

' 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
' I think the *Romans* call it *Stoiciſm*!
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato*'s cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand, inglorious;
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On *Afric*'s ſands, diſfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of *Numidia*.

JUBA.

Why doſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SY-

SYPHAX.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What wou'dſt thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon *Cato*.

JUBA.

Syphax, I ſhou'd be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. *Marcia*'s charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are dead to all I ſay.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my ſoul.

The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimfull of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon!——his grief
Swell'd up ſo high he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas, thy ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counſels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Sypbax*, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſions, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou would'ſt: but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows *Cæſar*'s foes.

JUBA.

My father ſcorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather ſay your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame,
I long have ſtifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama*'s royal court,
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
The ſun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

JUBA.

'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover;
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,

With

With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. *Cato*'s ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!
But on my knees I beg you wou'd conſider——

JUBA.

Hah! *Syphax*, is't not ſhe!—ſhe moves this way,
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, *Syphax*, leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thouſand curſes faſten on 'em both!
Now will this woman with a ſingle glance
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty ſmooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horror ſmile!
At ſight of thee my heart ſhakes off its ſorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæſar*.

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

I ſhou'd be griev'd, young prince, to think my preſence
Unbent your thoughts, and ſlacken'd 'em to arms,
While warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns,
And gentle wiſhes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add ſtrength and weight to my deſcending ſword,
And drive it in a tempeſt on the foe.

MARCIA.

My pray'rs and wiſhes always ſhall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cauſe of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and *Cato*.

JUBA.

That *Juba* may deſerve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I ſhine like him.

MARCIA.

My father, never at a time like this
Wou'd lay out his great ſoul in words, and waſte
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are juſt,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll haſten to my troops,
And fire their languid ſouls with *Cato*'s virtue.

If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war ſhall ſtand rang'd in its juſt array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And in the ſhock of charging hoſts, remember
What glorious deeds ſhou'd grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia*'s love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too ſevere:
How cou'd you chide the young good-natured prince,
And drive him from you with ſo ſtern an air,
A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me,
His air, his voice, his looks, and honeſt ſoul
Speak all ſo movingly in his behalf,
I dare not truſt myſelf to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight againſt ſo ſweet a paſſion,
And ſteel your heart to ſuch a world of charms?

MARCIA.

How, *Lucia*! wou'dſt thou have me ſink away
In pleaſing dreams, and loſe myſelf in love,

When

When ev'ry moment *Cato*'s life's at ſtake?
Caſar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Shou'd not the ſad occaſion ſwallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this conſtancy of mind,
Who have ſo many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her ſofteſt mould,
Enfeebled all my ſoul with tender paſſions,
And ſunk me even below my own weak ſex:
Pity, and love, by turns oppreſs my heart.

MARCIA.

Lucia, diſburden all thy cares on me,
And let me ſhare thy moſt retired diſtreſs;
Tell me who raiſes up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA.

I need not bluſh to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia*'s brothers, and the ſons of *Cato*.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their ſiſter's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their paſſion to me.
'But tell me, whoſe addreſs thou favour'ſt moſt?
'I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it *Marcia* wiſhes for?

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

For neither——

And yet for both—the youths have equal ſhare
In *Marcia*'s wiſhes, and divide their ſiſter:
But tell me which of them is *Lucia*'s choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my eſteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'ſt it is a blind and fooliſh paſſion,
Pleas'd and diſguſted with it knows not what—

MARCIA.

O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I muſt hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppoſe 'twere *Portius*, cou'd you blame my choice?
——O *Portius*, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul!
With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
And breathes the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
Marcus is overwarm, his fond complaints
Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
I heat him with a ſecret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas, poor youth! how can'ſt thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears thee:
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart's in flames,

He

He ſends out all his ſoul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
I dread the conſequence.

LUCIA.

You ſeem to plead
Againſt your brother *Portius*.

MARCIA.

Heav'n forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unſucceſsful lover,
The ſame compaſſion wou'd have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin-love diſtreſt like mine!
Portius himſelf oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill ſucceſs,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor ſhew which way it turns. So much he fears
The ſad effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

MARCIA.

He knows too well how eaſily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his brother in deſpair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments,

LUCIA.

Alas, too late I find myſelf involv'd
In endleſs griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s family,

Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n *Lybia*'s ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods, can a *Roman* ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlav'ry or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! the corps of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of *Theſſaly*, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! our brothers of *Pharſalia*
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great *Pompey*'s ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And *Scipio*'s ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

CATO.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In *Rome*'s defence intruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reaſon ſay
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: *Scythia* mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome:*
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not *Cæſar*, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of providence,
And not to reſt in heav'n's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to *Rome*,
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,

But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe: our country's cauſe
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If *Rome* muſt fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—ſomething whiſpers me
All is not right—*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aſide to* Cato.

CATO.

Let us appear not raſh nor diffident:
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate, we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In *Afric*'s heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods;
But wait at leaſt 'till *Cæſar*'s near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out.
To the full length, and ſpin it to the laſt,

So

So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty;
And let me periſh, but, in *Cato*'s judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arrived
From *Cæſar*'s camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with *Cato*.

CATO.

By your permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my friend, but other proſpects
Have looſed thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to *Cæſar*.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

DECIUS.

Cæſar ſends health to *Cato*——

CATO.

Could he ſend it
To *Cato*'s ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

DECIUS.

My buſineſs is with *Cato*: *Cæſar* ſees
The ſtraits, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome*:
Would he ſave *Cato*, bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to *Cæſar*;
Her generals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæſar*'s friend?

CATO.

Thoſe very reaſons, thou haſt urged, forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend;
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply and make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

CATO.

No more:
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

DE-

DECIUS.

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of *Cato*'s friendſhip,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a *Roman* ſenate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato. the world talks loudly of your wiſdom—

CATO.

Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the *Roſtrum* in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A ſtile, like this, becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a ſtile like this, becomes a *Roman*.

DECIUS.

What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæſar*'s foe.

CATO.

Greater than *Cæſar*: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Conſider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to ſecond you.

CATO.

Let him conſider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis *Cæſar*'s ſword has made *Rome*'s ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Did'ſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæſar*.

DECIUS.

Does *Cato* ſend this anſwer back to *Cæſar*,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

CATO.

His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the gods take care of *Cato*,
Wou'd *Cæſar* ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul?
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,

And make good uſe of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All *Rome* will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty.
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utt
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſt

LUCIUS.

The ſenate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air

From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In *Cæſar*'s boſom, and revenge my country,
By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, *Sempronius.*
All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide,
By our diviſions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my reſentments
Are ſacrificed to *Rome*——I ſtand reproved.

CATO.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convinced the ſenate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

SEM-

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the ſenate's.

CATO.

Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may ſay it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel—the young *Numidian* prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counſels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the *Roman* ſenate has reſolv'd,
'Till time give better proſpects, ſtill to keep
The ſword unſheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæſar*.

JUBA.

The reſolution fits a *Roman* ſenate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young man ſpeak.
My father, when ſome days before his death

He order'd me to march for *Utica*
(Alas, I thought not then his death ſo near!)
Wept o'er me, preſs'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my ſon, ſaid he,
Whatever fortune ſhall befal thy father,
Be *Cato*'s friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but obſerve him well,
Thou'lt ſhun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwiſe.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In ſpite of all the fortitude, that ſhines
Before my face, in *Cato*'s great example,
Subdues my ſoul; and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honeſt ſorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew reſpect from foreign climes
The kings of *Afric* ſought him for their friend
Kings far remote, that rule as fame reports,
Behind the hidden ſources of the *Nile*,
In diſtant worlds, on th' other ſide the ſun:
Oft have their black ambaſſadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*

CATO.

I am no ſtranger to thy father's greatneſs.

JUBA.

I would not boaſt the greatneſs of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our cauſe, and court
Th' aſſiſtance of my father's pow'rful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remoteſt kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts wou'd darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And can'ſt thou think
Cato will fly before the ſword of *Cæſar*!
Reduced like *Hannibal* to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in *Afric*!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.

But

But know, young Prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe wou'd they never fall
On heaven's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men:
The Gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for virtue!
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*:
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from *Cæſar*.

JUBA.

The beſt good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole ſucceſs, at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on *Cato*.

CATO.

What does *Juba* ſay?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wiſh, young Prince; make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant:
Still let me hide them,

CATO.

What can *Juba* aſk
That *Cato* will refuſe?

JUBA.

I fear to name it,
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What would'ſt thou ſay?

JUBA.

Cato, thou haſt a daughter.

CATO.

Cato. Adieu, young prince: I wou'd not hear a word
Should leſſen thee in my eſteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

SCEN

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my prince! what cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And ſo will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul, my love for her.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper perſon to intruſt
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*

SYPHAX.

Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* riſe before the ſun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rous'd him to the chaſe! I've ſeen you,
Ev'n in the *Libyan* dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your horſe
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old King ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word) wou'd now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and *Marcia* loſt for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might ſtill be your's.

JUBA.

What ſay'ſt thou, *Syphax?*
By heav'ns, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

SY-

SYPHAX.

Marcia might ſtill be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear *Syphax?*

SYPHAX.

Juba commands *Numidia's* hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unuſed to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

JUBA.

Would'ſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian!

SYPHAX.

The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape,

Your

Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou't a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Theſe locks ſhall ne'er protect thy inſolence.

SYPHAX.

Muſt one raſh word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of ſervice!
—Curſe on the boy! how ſteddily he hears me! [*Aſide.*

JUBA.

Is it becauſe the throne of my fore-fathers
Still ſtands unfill'd, and that *Numidia*'s crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe head it ſhall incloſe,
Thou thus preſum'ſt to treat thy Prince with ſcorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with ſuch expreſſions?
Does not old *Sypbax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and cruſh beneath a caſk
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aſpires to?
Is it not this? to ſhed the ſlow remains,
His laſt poor ebb of blood in your defence?

JUBA.

Sypbax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal maſter's ſon, is call'd in queſtion?
My Prince may ſtrike me dead, and I'll be dumb:

But

But whilſt I live I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

JUBA.

Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou miſtak'ſt; I did not call thee ſo.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato?*
That *Syphax* loves you, and wou'd ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your ſervice.

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'ſt me; but indeed,
Thy zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets her,

And

And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By heav'ns,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subjects heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties, that oblige their Prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our *Punic* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato*'s lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy Prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.

I

If e'er the ſcepter comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burdenſome, I ſhan't ſupport it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewel. I'll hence, and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion that may ſet me right
In *Cato*'s thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX ſolus.

Young men ſoon give, and ſoon forget affronts;
Old age is ſlow in both—a falſe old traitor!
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee dear.
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæſar, I'm wholly thine———

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, *Sempronius!*
Well, *Cato's* ſenate is reſolv'd to wait
The fury of a ſiege, before it yields.

SEM-

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a meſſenger from *Cæſar*.
Should they ſubmit, ere our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck,
Loſt in a general undiſtinguiſh'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how ſtands *Cato*?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou haſt ſeen mount *Atlas*:
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on *Cæſar*.

SYPHAX.

But what's this meſſenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

SYPHAX.

Yes,—but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the force of ev'ry reaſon on him,
Sooth'd and careſs'd, been angry, ſooth'd again,
Laid ſafety, life, and intereſt in his ſight,
But all are vain, he ſcorns them all for *Cato*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we ſhall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou haſt forſook
Thy *Juba*'s cauſe, and wiſheſt *Marcia* mine.

SYPHAX.

May ſhe be thine as faſt as thou would'ſt have her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; tho' I curſe
Her and myſelf, yet ſpite of me I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make *Cato* ſure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæſar will ne'er refuſe thee ſuch a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the ſedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, that ſpread
Murmurs and diſcontents among the ſoldiers.
They count their toilſome marches, long fatigues,
Unuſual faſtings, and will bear no more

This

This medley of philoſophy and war.
Within an hour they'll ſtorm the ſenate-houſe.

SYPHAX.

Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the ſquare, to exerciſe their arms,
And, as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus from every ſide.
So, where our wide *Numidian* waſtes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurpriſe,
Sees the dry deſart all around him riſe,
And ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind dies.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS, *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THanks to my ſtars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature firſt pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her ſecret force,
To love thy perſon, ere I knew thy merit;
'Till, what was inſtinct, grew up into friendſhip.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'ſt my ſoul in all its weakneſs;
Then pry'thee ſpare me on its tender ſide,
Indulge me but in love, my other paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by virtue's niceſt rules.

PORTIUS.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.

The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diſmiſs thy paſſion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas; thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a ſoul,
That pants, and reaches after diſtant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s abſence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burthen;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, riſe up at once,
And with variety of pain diſtract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'ſt the fair one's preſence:
Then undertake my cauſe, and plead it to her
With all the ſtrength and heat of eloquence,
Fraternal love and friendſhip can inſpire.
Tell her, thy brother languiſhes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his ſleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyleſs to him:

Deſcribe

Deſcribe his anxious, days, and reſtleſs nights,
And all the torments that thou ſeeſt me ſuffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That ſuits with me ſo ill. Thou know'ſt my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me ſinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raiſe me from amidſt this plunge of ſorrows?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canſt not aſk what I'd refuſe.
But here, believe me, I've a thouſand reaſons—

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt ſay my paſſion's out of ſeaſon,
That *Cato*'s great example and misfortunes
Shou'd both conſpire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my ſoul I wiſh
Thou didſt but know thyſelf what 'tis to love!
Then wouldſt thou pity and aſſiſt thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What ſhould I do! if I diſcloſe my paſſion
Our friendſhip's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me a falſe friend and brother. [*Aſide.*

MARCUS.

But ſee where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys the noon-day breeze! obſerve her, *Portius!*
That face, that ſhape, thoſe eyes, that heav'n of beauty
Obſerve her well, and blame me if thou canſt.

PORTIUS.

She ſees us, and advances—

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius!*
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA.

Did I not ſee your brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and ſhun my preſence?

PORTIUS.

Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to ſhew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies:
His paſſions and his virtues lie confuſed,
And mixt together in ſo wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns! would one think 'twere poſſible for love
To make ſuch ravage in a noble ſoul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm diſtreſs'd! my heart bleeds for him;

Even

Even now, while thus I ſtand bleſt in thy preſence,
A ſecret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou ſmil'ſt upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the ſhock
Of love and friendſhip! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might enſure
Our mutual bliſs, would raiſe to ſuch a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps deſtroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what doſt thou think, my *Lucia*?
His generous, open, undeſigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to ſolicit for him.
Then do not ſtrike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his ſoul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the ſtorm that beats upon us—

LUCIA.

No, *Portius*, no! I ſee thy ſiſter's tears,
Thy father's anguiſh, and thy brother's death,
In the purſuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I ſwear, to heav'n I ſwear,
To heav'n, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While ſuch a cloud of miſchief hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out

From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What haſt thou ſaid! I'm thunder-ſtruck——recal
Thoſe haſty words, or I am loſt for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the vow already paſs'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS.

Fixt in aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my ſevereſt part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
'But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
'Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.

PORTIUS.

'Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

'Oh ſtop thoſe ſounds,
'Thoſe killing ſounds! why doſt thou frown upon me?
'My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
'And life itſelf goes out at thy diſpleaſure.

The

'The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
'But oh! I cannot bear thy hate and live!

PORTIUS.

'Talk not of love, thou never knew'ſt its force?
'I've been deluded, led into a dream,
'Of fancied bliſs. O *Lucia*, cruel maid!
'Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, ſtill ſounds
'In my ſtunn'd ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
'Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy preſence,
'And horror dwells about thee!—hah, ſhe faints!
'Wretch, that I am! what has my raſhneſs done!
'*Lucia*, thou injur'd innocence! thou beſt
'And lovelieſt of thy ſex? awake, my *Lucia*,
'Or *Portius* ruſhes on his ſword to join thee.
'—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
'They ſhut not out ſociety in death.—
'But hah! ſhe moves! life wanders up and down
'Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

'O, *Portius*, was this well!—to frown on her
'That lives upon thy ſmiles! to call in doubt
'The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
'That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
'—What do I ſay? my half-recover'd ſenſe
'Forgets the vow in which my ſoul is bound.
'Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us! we muſt part.

PORTIUS.

'Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
'And ſtartle into madneſs at the ſound.

LUCIA.

'What would'ſt thou have me do? conſider well
'The train of ills our love wou'd draw behind it.'
Think, *Portius*, think thou ſeeſt thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood,
Storming at heav'n and thee! thy awful ſire
Sternly demands the cauſe, th' accurſed cauſe,
That robs him of his ſon! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* anſwer,
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a ſcene of ſorrow?

PORTIUS.

To my confuſion, and eternal grief,
I muſt approve the ſentence that deſtroys me,
The miſt, that hung about my mind, clears up:
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms
Lovelieſt of women! heav'n is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more! thy words ſhoot thro' my heart,
Melt my reſolves, and turn me all to love.

Why

Why are thoſe tears of fondneſs in thy eyes,
Why heaves thy heart? why ſwells thy ſoul with ſorrow?
It ſoftens me too much—farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, tho' death is in the ſound; for ever!

PORTIUS.

Stay, *Lucia*, ſtay! what doſt thou ſay? For ever?

LUCIA.

Have I not ſworn? if, *Portius*, thy ſucceſs,
Muſt throw thy brother on his fate, farewel,
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the word! For ever!

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp, th' unſteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou muſt not go, my ſoul ſtill hovers o'er thee,
And can't get looſe.

LUCIA.

If the firm *Portius* ſhake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* ſuffers!

PORTIUS.

'Tis true; unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my ſtrength, I cannot bear it,
We muſt not part.

LUCIA.

What doſt thou ſay? not part?

Haſt thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder o'er us!
—But ſee, thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? how ſtands ſhe? am I doom'd
To life or death?

PORTIUS.

What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

MARCUS.

What means this penſive poſture? thou appear'ſt
Like one amazed and terrified.

PORTIUS.

I've reaſon.

MARCUS.

Thy down-caſt looks, and thy diſorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I aſk not the ſucceſs
My cauſe has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MAR-

MARCUS.

What? does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for ever!

PORTIUS.

Away! you're too ſuſpicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,
Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compaſſion when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was, to chooſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe! compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetorick didſt thou uſe
To gain the mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that aſks the warm returns of love,
Compaſſion's cruelty, 'tis ſcorn, 'tis death——

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deſerv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I ſaid! O *Portius!* O forgive me!
A ſoul exaſp'rated in ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, its ſelf—but hah!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A ſecond, louder yet,

Swells

Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for ſome glorious cauſe to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou haſt undone me! thy diſdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death muſt give me eaſe.

PORTIUS.

Quick let us hence; who knows if *Cato*'s life
Stands ſure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the ſtorm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has ſpent itſelf on *Cato*'s head.
Mean-while I'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe. [*Exit.*

1 *LEADER.*

We all are ſafe, *Sempronius* is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;

Be

Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt.
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt!
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO.

Where are theſe bold intrepid ſons of war,
That greatly turn their back upon the foe,
And to their general ſend a brave defiance:

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on their daſtard ſouls, they ſtand aſtoniſh'd! [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus diſhonour
Your paſt exploits, and ſully all your wars?
Do you confeſs 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirſt of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to ſhare the ſpoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with ſuch motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s foes, and follow *Cæſar*'s banners.
Why did I 'ſcape the envenom'd aſpic's rage,
And all the fiery monſters of the deſart,
To ſee this day? why could not *Cato* fall

With-

Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my boſom naked to your view,
And let the man that's injur'd ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater ills than *Cato?*
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens, they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! all is loſt. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten *Libya*'s burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*;
Did he not daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day ſun,

And

And clouds of duſt? did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heat?

CATO.

Hence, worthleſs men! hence! and complain to *Cæſar*
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, *Cato*, ſee th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honeſt men, give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit theſe wretches to my care.
Firſt let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody ſtake.
There let them hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the ſun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why, wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! would'ſt thou clear rebellion!

Lucius,

Lucius, (good man) pities the poor offenders
That wou'd imbrue their hands in *Cato*'s blood.

CATO.

Forbear, *Sempronius!*—ſee they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degenerate age requires
Severity, and juſtice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aſide.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

CATO.

Mean while we'll ſacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence. [*Exit* Cato.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

1 *LEADER.*

Sempronius, you have acted like yourſelf,
One would have thought you had been half in earneſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, ſtand off! baſe, groveling, worthleſs wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 *LEADER.*

Nay; now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
Throw off the maſk, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag 'em forth
To ſudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 *LEADER.*

Nay, ſince it comes to this—

SEM-

SEMPRONIUS.

Diſpatch 'em quick, but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

[*Exeunt guards with the leaders.*

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX *and* SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Our firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their *Numidian* ſteeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to ſcour the deſart:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppoſe our paſſage.
A day will bring us into *Cæſar*'s camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confuſion! I have fail'd of half my purpoſe.
Marcia, the charming *Marcia*'s left behind!

SYPHAX.

How? will *Sempronius* turn a woman's ſlave!

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the ſoft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderneſs of love.
Syphax, I long to claſp that haughty maid,
And bend her ſtubborn virtue to my paſſion:

When

When I have gone thus far, I'd caſt her off.

SYPHAX.

Well ſaid! that's ſpoken like thyſelf, *Sempronius.*
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admiſſion? for acceſs
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou ſhalt have *Juba*'s dreſs, and *Juba*'s guards:
The doors will open, when *Numidia*'s prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves, that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heav'ns! what a thought is there! *Marcia*'s my own!
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy,
When I behold her ſtruggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and diſorder'd charms.
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breaſt, and vary in her face!
So *Pluto* ſeiz'd of *Proſerpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his ſun-ſhine and his ſkies. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy ſoul,
If thou believ'ſt 'tis poſſible for woman
To ſuffer greater ills than *Lucia* ſuffers?

MARCIA.

O *Lucia*, *Lucia!* might my big-ſwoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a looſe to ſorrow:
Marcia could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
But which of theſe has power to charm like *Portius!*

MARCIA.

Still I muſt beg thee not to name *Sempronius!*
Lucia, I like not that loud boiſt'rous man;
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero
Adds ſofteſt love, and more than female ſweetneſs;
Juba might make the proudeſt of our ſex,
Any of woman kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

LUCIA.

LUCIA.

And why not *Marcia?* come, you ſtrive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But ſhould this father give you to *Sempronius?*

MARCIA.

Marc. I dare not think he will: but if he ſhou'd—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I ſuffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the ſound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each ſofter thought in ſenſe of preſent danger.
When love once pleads admiſſion to our hearts
(In ſpite of all the virtue we can boaſt)
The woman that deliberates is loſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dreſs'd like* JUBA, *with* Numidian *guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be ſure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young *Numidian* rave to ſee
His miſtreſs loſt? if aught cou'd glad my ſoul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of ſo bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But hark, what noiſe! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba's* ſelf! there is but one way left—
He muſt be murder'd, and a paſſage cut
Through thoſe his guards—hah, daſtards, do you tremble
Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n—

JUBA.

What do I ſee? Who's this that dares uſurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia's* prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth!

JUBA.

JUBA.

What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

SEMPRONIUS.

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous man!

[Semp. *falls. His guards ſurrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on my ſtars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs, and for a worthleſs woman?
Gods, I'm diſtracted! this my cloſe of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and heav'n, and *Cato* tremble!

[*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.

[*Exit* Juba *with priſoners*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian!* heavens preserve the Prince
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

LUCIA.

LUCIA.

What can I think or ſay to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a ſight, that ſtrikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *liſtening.*

I will indulge my ſorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of deſpair;
That man, that beſt of men, deſerv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the falſe *Sempronius*
That beſt of men? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I ſtand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears, when I behold
A loſs like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to eaſe my tortur'd breaſt.
This empty world, to me a joyleſs deſart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he ſo near her heart?

MARCIA.

O he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wiſh, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,

A ſecret pleaſure gladden'd all that ſaw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudeſt *Roman* bluſh'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wiſe.

JUBA.

I ſhall run mad———

MARCIA.

O *Juba! Juba! Juba!*

JUBA.

What means that voice? did ſhe not call on *Juba?*

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidſt its agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the laſt words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapleſs youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole ſoul was full of love and *Juba!*

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elyſium* round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the moſt lov'd of men!
Nor modeſty nor virtue here forbid
A laſt embrace, while thus———

JUBA.

See, *Marcia*, ſee, [*Throwing himſelf before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch

That

That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerneſs of love.

MARCIA.

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Diſguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd deſign.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew in all the haſte of love to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am wrapp'd with joy to ſee my *Marcia*'s tears.

MARCIA.

I've been ſurpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
But muſt not now go back: the love, that lay
Half ſmother'd in my breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak reſtraints, and burns in its full luſtre,
I cannot, if I wou'd conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm loſt in extaſy! and doſt thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And doſt thou live to aſk it?

JUBA.

'This, this is life indeed! life worth preſerving,
'Such life as *Juba* never felt till now!'

MARCIA.

Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

'O fortunate miſtake!

MARCIA.

'O happy *Marcia!*'

JUBA.

My joy! my beſt belov'd! my only wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me reſt upon it!
The vital blood, that had forſook my heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.——
O Prince! I bluſh to think what I have ſaid,
But fate has wreſted the confeſſion from me;
Go on, and proſper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuſe my paſſion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Ex.* Marc. *and* Lu

JUBA.

I am ſo bleſt, I fear 'tis all a dream,
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs. I abſolve my ſtars.

Wh

What though *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to ſwell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæſar* have the world, if *Marcia*'s mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A March at a Diſtance.

CATO, *and* LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I ſtand aſtoniſh'd! what, the bold *Sempronius*?
That ſtill broke foremoſt through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal tranſported,
And virtuous ev'n to madneſs—

CATO.

Truſt me, *Lucius*,
Our civil diſcords have produced ſuch crimes,
Such monſtrous crimes, I am ſurprized at nothing.
—O *Lucius*, I am ſick of this bad world!
The day-light and the ſun grow painful to me.

PORTIUS.

But ſee where *Portius* comes! what means this haſte?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

Enter PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.

I bring ſuch news as will afflict my father,

CATO.

Has *Cæſar* ſhed more *Roman* blood?

PORTIUS.

Not ſo.

The traitor *Sypbax*, as within the ſquare
He exercis'd his troops, the ſignal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horſe
To the ſouth gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch.
I ſaw, and call'd to ſtop him but in vain,
He caſt his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not ſtay and periſh like *Sempronius*.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but haſte, my ſon, and ſee
Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman*'s part. [*Exit* Portius.
—*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Juſtice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is *Cæſar*'s: *Cato* has no buſineſs in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppreſſion, and injuſtice reign,
The world will ſtill demand her *Cato*'s preſence.
In pity to mankind, ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And reconcile thy mighty ſoul to life.

CATO.

Would *Lucius* have me live to ſwell the number
Of *Cæſar*'s ſlaves, or by a baſe ſubmiſſion
Give up the cauſe of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

LU-

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impoſe on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are *Cæſar's*.

CATO.

Curſe on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon—
But ſee young *Juba!* the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious ſubjects.

LUCIUS.

Alas, poor Prince! his fate deſerves compaſſion,

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy preſence, *Cato*.

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a *Numidian*.

CATO.

And a brave one too.
Thou haſt a *Roman* ſoul.

JUBA.

Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe countrymen?

CATO.

Alas, young Prince,
Falſhood and fraud ſhoot up in every ſoil
The product of all climes—*Rome* has its *Cæſars*.

JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſs'd.

CATO.

'Tis juſt to give applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd:
Thy virtue, Prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that, to try'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O *Cato*, than *Numidia*'s empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*——

CATO.

Hah! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,

Breath-

Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes,
Till obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm ſatisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His ſword had pierc'd through the falſe heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty!
—*Portius*, when I am dead, be ſure you place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep aſunder!

LUCIUS.

O *Cato*, arm thy ſoul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the Corps.*

Welcome, my ſon! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure

The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
——How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
——Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if *Cato*'s houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.
——*Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears,
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man: *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has ſubdu'd,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year, are *Cæſar*'s.
For him the ſelf-devoted *Decii* dy'd,

The

The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæſar*. Oh, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into *Cæſar's* hands! Our great fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While *Cato* lives, *Cæſar* will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlaved, and be aſhamed of empire.

CATO.

Cæſar aſhamed! has not he ſeen *Pharſalia*?

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

CATO.

Loſe not a thought on me. I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay, I conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh, my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæſar*, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæſar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.

CATO.

Then aſk it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,

The

The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or ſeek the conqueror?

JUBA.

If I forſake thee
While I live, may heaven abandon *Juba!*

CATO.

Thy virtues, Prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great: At *Rome* hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato's* friend.
Portius, draw near! My ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy ſire engag'd in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſeeſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To my paternal ſeat, the *Sabine* field,
Where the great *Cenſor* toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of *Rome*,
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

PORTIUS.

I hope my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius*, that he ſcorns himſelf.

CATO.

CATO.

Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ſhips prepared by my command,
(Their ſails already opening to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſh'd-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where *Cæſar* never ſhall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead ſon.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' ſtill by faction, vice, and fortune croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loſt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand* Plato's *book on the immortality of the ſoul. A drawn ſword on the table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo—*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well—
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.

But

But when! or where!—This world was made for *Cæſar*.
I'm weary of conjectures—this muſt end 'em.

[*Laying his hand upon his ſword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years,
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with care,
Sinks down to reſt. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An off'ring fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to ſleep or die.

SCENE

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CATO.

But hah! how's this, my ſon? why this intruſion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas, my father!
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Raſh youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wreſt it from you.

CATO.

Would'ſt thou betray me? Would'ſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into *Cæſar*'s hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

PORTIUS.

Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you,

CATO.

'Tis well! again I'm maſter of myſelf.

Now,

Now, *Cæſar*, let thy troops beſet our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erſpread the ſea, and ſtop up ev'ry port;
Cato ſhall open to himſelf a paſſage,
And mock thy hopes———

PORTIUS.

O Sir, forgive your ſon,
Whoſe griefs hang heavy on him! O my father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt time
I e'er ſhall call you ſo! be not diſpleaſed,
O be not angry with me whilſt I weep,
And in the anguiſh of my heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful purpoſe of your ſoul.

CATO.

Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful.
(*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my ſon, all will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour *Cato*, and preſerve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what miſbecomes him.
But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; ſee them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them.
My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and aſks

The

The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep. [*Exit.*

PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS *and* MARCIA.

PORTIUS.

O *Marcia*, O my ſiſter, ſtill there's hope!
Our father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatch'd me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compoſed,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers. [*Ex*

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And ſhow mankind that goodneſs is your care.

SCEN

SCENE IV.

LUCIA, *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

MARCIA.

Lucia, ſpeak low, he is retired to reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Riſe in my ſoul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs, that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodneſs, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compaſſionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domeſtic tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father! I have ever found him
Eaſy, and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his conſent alone can make us bleſs'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd

In

In the ſame intricate, perplex'd diſtreſs.
The cruel hand of fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament—

MARCIA.

And ever ſhall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

Has ſet my ſoul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my vow. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may diſpoſe of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyſelf?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the reſt to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have ſeen thy godlike father:
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, *Cæſar*, thou can'ſt not hurt me.

MARCIA.

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, theſe floods of ſorrow?

Dry

Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are ſafe
While *Cato* lives—His preſence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright weſtern tower
We ken them from afar, the ſetting ſun
Plays on their ſhining arms and burniſh'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 'tis time we ſhould awake thy father.
Cæſar is ſtill diſpoſed to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks ſpeak ſomewhat of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring? methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thine eyes.

PORTIUS.

As I was haſting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring winds, a ſail arrived
From *Pompey*'s ſon, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouſes the whole nation up to arms.

Were

Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark? what means that groan? O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's preſence. [*Exit.*

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidſt his ſlumbers thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild diſorder of his ſoul
Mourns o'er his country—Hah! a ſecond groan!——
Heav'n guard us all—

MARCIA.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that ſound——

Enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O ſight of woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to paſs!
Cato is fallen upon his ſword——

LUCIUS.

O *Portius*,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.

PORTIUS.

I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gaſps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands

Demands to ſee his friends. His ſervants weeping,
Obſequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back ſcene opens, and diſcovers* Cato.

MARCIA.

O heaven, aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour
To pay the laſt ſad duties to my father.

JUBA.

Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæſar*!

LUCIUS.

Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!——

[Cato *brought forward in his chair.*

CATO.

Here ſet me down——
Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their ſervice?
Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O *Lucius*, art thou here?—Thou art too good——
Let this our friendſhip live between our children;
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.
Alas, poor man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.
A ſenator of *Rome*, while *Rome* ſurvived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But *Cæſar*'s arms have thrown down all diſtinction:
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a *Roman*.——
—I'm ſick to death——O when ſhall I get looſe
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and ſorrow!—
——And

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I've been too haſty. O ye pow'rs, that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh its inmoſt thoughts,
If I have done amiſs, impute it not!—
The beſt may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* breaſt; O *Cato!* O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæſar*,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil diſcord flow.
'Tis this that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms.
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the guilty world of *Cato*'s life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may:
Be ſpiteful! and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.

Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you;
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms;
What pains to get gaudy the thing you hate!
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no ſanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddeſs that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every *Lucia* find a *Cato's* ſon.

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the

PRINCESS of WALES,

With the Tragedy of *CATO*, *Nov.* 1714.

THE muſe that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for *Britannia*'s laws,
Engag'd great *Cato* in her country's cauſe,
On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heav'nly daughter's triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,

With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O *England*'s younger hope! in whom conſpire
The mother's ſweetneſs, and the father's fire?
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some *Carolina*, to heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the ſcepter'd rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn worth with conſcious eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſt,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diſtreſt:
To milder ſounds each muſe ſhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to Kings inſpire,
And filial love; bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And *Cæſar*'s power with *Cato*'s virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful eaſe
And native majeſty art form'd to pleaſe,
Behold thoſe arts with a propitious eye,
That ſuppliant to their great protectreſs fly!

Then

Then ſhall they triumph, and the *Britiſh* ſtage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expoſe to view,
And draw her finiſh'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs muſe:
The deathleſs muſe with undiminiſh'd rays
Through diſtant times the lovely dame conveys,
To *Gloriana Waller*'s harp was ſtrung;
The Queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the Poet ſung.
Even all thoſe graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age)
Unleſs ſome Poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

Vol. II facing pa. 183. P.H. Sculp.

THE

DRUMMER:

OR, THE

HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A

COMEDY.

———*Falſis terroribus implet*
Ut magus——— Hor.

THE

PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookſeller, I think myſelf obliged to give ſome account of it.

It had been ſome years in the hands of the author, and falling under my peruſal, I thought ſo well of it, that I perſuaded him to make ſome additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the ſtage. I own I was very highly pleaſed with it, and liked it the better, for the want of thoſe ſtudied ſimilies and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a falſe taſte that has prevailed for many

years in the *Britiſh* theatre. I believe the author would have condeſcended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often preſent at theatrical repreſentations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who obſerved that the ſcenes were drawn after *Moliere*'s manner, and that an eaſy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not queſtion but the reader will diſcover this, and ſee many beauties that eſcaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taſte in a popular aſſembly. My brother-ſharers were of opinion, at the firſt reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the ſtrokes were not ſtrong enough to appear at a diſtance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at firſt doubtful, but has riſen

riſen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in ſeveral of its parts for as juſt and good action as ever I ſaw on the ſtage.

The reader will conſider that I ſpeak here, not as the author, but as the patentee. Which is, perhaps, the reaſon why I am not diffuſe in the praiſe of the play, leſt I ſhould ſeem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in cuſtomers.

RICHARD STEELE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir George Truman.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Tinſel,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Fantome, *the Druimmer*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Vellum, *Sir* George Truman's *Steward*,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Butler,	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Coachman,	Mr. *Miller.*
Gardiner,	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Lady Truman,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Abigal,	Mrs. *Saunders*

THE

THE

DRUMMER:

OR, THE

HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A GREAT HALL.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardiner.

BUTLER.

THERE came another coach to town laſt night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this ſtrange noiſe, we hear in the houſe. This ſpirit will bring a power of cuſtom to the *George*—If ſo be he continues his pranks, I deſign to ſell a pot of ale, and ſet up the ſign of the Drum.

COACH-

COACHMAN.

I'll give Madam warning, that's flat——I've always liv'd in ſober families. I'll not diſparage myſelf to be a ſervant in a houſe that is haunted.

GARDINER.

I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. *Abigal* did not ſpoil her—come, here's her health.

BUTLER.

It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a houſe, that is diſtur'd. He made ſuch a racket in the cellar laſt night, that I'm afraid he'll four all the beer in my barrels.

COACHMAN.

Why then John, we ought to take it off as faſt as we can. Here's to you—He rattled ſo loud under the tiles laſt night, that I verily thought the houſe would have fallen over our heads. I durſt not go up into the cock-loft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

GARDINER.

I thought I heard him in one of my bed-poſts——I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the houſe when all the gates are ſhut.

BUTLER.

Why look ye, *Peter*, your ſpirit will creep you into an augre-hole:—he'll whiſk you through a key-hole, without ſo much as juſtling againſt one of the wards.

COACHMAN.

Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my maſter that was kill'd in the laſt campaign.

BUTLER.

Out of all manner of queſtion, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*. Mrs. *Abigal* is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always lov'd the wars, and you know was *mightily* pleas'd from a child with the muſic of a drum.

GAR-

GARDINER.

I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

BUTLER.

Found! why, you fool, is not his body here about the houſe, doſt thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

COACHMAN.

'Tis maſter as ſure as I ſtand here alive, and I verily believe I ſaw him laſt night in the town-cloſe.

GARDINER.

Ay! how did he appear?

COACHMAN.

Like a white horſe.

BUTLER.

Pho, *Robin*, I tell you he has never appear'd yet but in the ſhape of the ſound of a drum.

COACHMAN.

This makes one almoſt afraid of one's own ſhadow. As I was walking from the ſtable t'other night without any lanthorn, I fell acroſs a beam, that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had ſtumbled over a ſpirit.

BUTLER.

Thou might'ſt as well have ſtumbled over a ſtraw; why, a ſpirit is ſuch a little little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great ſcholar, ſay, that he'll dance a *Lancaſhire* horn-pipe upon the point of a needle —As I ſat in the pantry laſt night counting my ſpoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the ſpay'd bitch look'd as if ſhe ſaw ſomething.

COACHMAN.

Ay, poor cur, ſhe's almoſt frighten'd out of her wits.

GARDINER.

Ay, I warrant ye, ſhe hears him many a time and often when we don't.

BUT-

BUTLER.

My Lady muſt have him laid, that's certain, whatever it coſt her.

GARDINER.

I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of ſomebody that can make a ſpell.

COACHMAN.

Why may not the parſon of our pariſh lay him?

BUTLER.

No, no, no, our parſon cannot lay him.

COACHMAN.

Why not he as well as another man?

BUTLER.

Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—he has not taken the oaths.

GARDINER.

Why, d'ye think, *John*, that the ſpirit would take the law of him?—faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACHMAN.

How's that?

GARDINER.

I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]——I fancy Mrs. *Abigal* might ſcold him out of the houſe.

COACHMAN.

Ay, ſhe has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

BUTLER.

Pugh, this is all froth! you underſtand nothing of the matter—the next time it makes a noiſe, I tell you what ought to be done,—I would have the ſteward ſpeak *Latin* to it.

COACHMAN.

Ay, that would do, if the ſteward had but courage.

GARDINER.

There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much

much learning as he, and I met the ghoſt, I'll tell him his own! but alack! what can one of us poor men do with a ſpirit, that can neither write nor read?

BUTLER.

Thou art always cracking and boaſting, *Peter*; thou doſt not know what miſchief it might do thee, if ſuch a ſilly dog as thee ſhould offer to ſpeak to it. For aught I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy ſkin to cover his drum with.

GARDINER.

A fiddleſtic! tell not me—I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder.

BUTLER.

I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, *Peter*; after ſupper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

GARDINER.

Why, that's well ſaid, *John*, an honeſt man that is not quite ſober, has nothing to fear——Here's to ye—why now if he ſhould come this minute, here would I ſtand. Ha! what noiſe is that?

BUTLER and COACHMAN.

Ha! where?

GARDINER.

The devil! the devil! Oh no, 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

BUTLER.

Ay faith! 'tis ſhe; 'tis Mrs. *Abigal!* a good miſtake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Here are your drunken ſots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling when gentry are come to the houſe! why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the ſtables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

GAR-

GARDINER.

Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together, and methought they look'd as if they ſhould ſay they had rather have my room than my company.

BUTLER.

And ſo forſooth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this ſame Drummer out of our heads.

GARDINER.

For you muſt know, Mrs. *Abigal*, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unleſs one be as drunk as a drum.

COACHMAN.

I am reſolved to give Madam warning to hire herſelf another coachman; for I came to ſerve my maſter d'ye ſee, while he was alive, but do ſuppoſe that he has no further occaſion for a coach, now he walks.

BUTLER.

Truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt needs ſay, that this ſame ſpirit is a very odd ſort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old ſervants at this rate.

GARDINER.

And truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt needs ſay, I ſerved my maſter contentedly, while he was living: but I will ſerve no man living, (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

ABIGAL.

Ay, 'tis ſuch cowards as you that go about with idle ſtories to diſgrace the houſe, and bring ſo many ſtrangers about it; you firſt frighten yourſelves, and then your neighbours.

GARDINER.

Frighten'd! I ſcorn your word. Frighten'd quoth-a!

ABIGAL.

What, you ſot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GAR-

GARDINER.

Frighten'd with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll anſwer for it. It will bring no bloodſhed along with it, take my word. It ſounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUTLER.

Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be ſo preſumptuous.

ABIGAL.

Well, theſe drunken rogues take it as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

GARDINER.

I ſcorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* ſhould come into the room I would take him—

BUTLER.

Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

GARDINER.

I would take him— [*The drum beats, the* Gardiner *endeavours to get off and falls.*

BUTLER and COACHMAN.

Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigal.*

GARDINER.

Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACHMAN.

Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide ourſelves in the cellar. [*They run off.*

ABIGAL *ſola.*

ABIGAL.

So, now the coaſt is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer.——But firſt let me ſhut the door, leſt we be ſurpriz'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled——I muſt ſpeak with you immediately——don't ſtay to beat a parley. [*The back ſcene opens and diſcovers* Fantome *with a drum.*

FAN-

Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been ſaid, and find thou haſt manag'd this thing ſo well, that I could take thee in my arms and kiſs thee——if my drum did not ſtand in my way.

ABIGAL.

Well, O' my conſcience, you are the merrieſt ghoſt! and the very picture of Sir *George Truman*.

FANTOME.

There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigal:* Sir *George* had that freſhneſs in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIGAL.

Oh! Death may have alter'd him, you know——beſides, you muſt conſider, you loſt a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANTOME.

Ay, that's right; let me look ever ſo pale, this cut croſs my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIGAL.

'Tis juſt ſuch a one as my Maſter receiv'd from a curſed *French* trooper, as my Lady's letter inform'd her.

FANTOME.

It happens luckily that this ſuit of cloaths of Sir *George*'s fits me ſo well,——I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was ſo long acquainted.

ABIGAL.

You are the very man——I vow I almoſt ſtart when I look upon you.

FANTOME.

But what good will this do me, if I muſt remain inviſible?

ABIGAL.

Pray, what good did your being viſible do you? The fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no woman could withſtand *him*——But when you were ſeen by my Lady in your

proper

proper perſon, after ſhe had taken a full ſurvey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could ſay, ſhe very civilly diſmiſſed you for the ſake of this empty, noiſy creature *Tinſel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANTOME.

Why really I love thy Lady ſo well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myſelf, I could not bear to ſee her given to another, eſpecially ſuch a wretch as *Tinſel*.

ABIGAL.

Well, tell me truly, Mr. *Fantome*, have you not a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not ſuffer her to be deluded in this manner, for leſs than a thouſand pound?

FANTOME.

Thou art always remembring me of my promiſe—— thou ſhalt have it, if thou canſt bring our project to bear; doſt not know that ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIGAL.

Why, truly now, Mr. *Fantome*, I ſhould think myſelf a very bad woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing leſs.

FANTOME.

Dear *Abigal*, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIGAL.

No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worſt of my enemies to ſay I love miſchief for miſchief ſake.

FANTOME.

But is thy Lady perſuaded that I am the ghoſt of her deceaſed huſband?

ABIGAL.

I endeavour to make her believe ſo, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her huſband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FAN.

FANTOME.

Pr'ythee make uſe of all thy art, for I am tir'd to death with ſtrolling round this wide old houſe like a rat behind a wainſcot.

ABIGAL.

Did not I tell you, 'twas the pureſt place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, beſides myſelf.

FANTOME.

Ah Mrs. *Abigal!* you have had your intrigues——]

ABIGAL.

For you muſt know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and ſeek.*

FANTOME.

I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the houſe as yourſelf.

ABIGAL.

You are very much miſtaken, Mr. *Fantome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your ſtation to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living beſides myſelf, ſince the death of the joiner; who, you muſt underſtand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainſcot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I deſigned it for a wardrobe for my Lady's caſt cloaths. Oh! the ſtomachers, ſtays, petticoats, commodes, laced ſhoes, and good things I have had in it—pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that ſtands up in the corner.

FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I hire your cloſet of you but for this one night—a thouſand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIGAL.

Well, get you gone; you have ſuch a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

FAN-

FANTOME.

I'm a thinking how *Tinſel* will ſtare when he ſees me come out of the wall: for I'm reſolved to make my appearance to night.

ABIGAL.

Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the door.

FANTOME.

Pray take care ſhe does not keep me up ſo late as ſhe did laſt night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

ABIGAL.

I'm undone! I'm undone—[*As he is going in*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, you have put the thouſand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANTOME.

Thou ſhalt have it, I tell thee, thou ſhalt have it.

[Fantome *goes in.*

ABIGAL.

No more words——vaniſh, vaniſh.

Enter LADY.

ABIGAL. [*opening the door.*]

Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made ſuch a knocking? my heart does ſo beat—I vow you have frighted me to death——I thought verily it had been the drummer.

LADY.

I have been ſhowing the garden to Mr. *Tinſel*: he's moſt inſufferably witty upon us about the ſtory of the drum.

ABIGAL.

Indeed, Madam, he's a very looſe man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor maſter from reſting in his grave.

LADY.

Well! an *Infidel* is ſuch a novelty in the country, that I am reſolved to divert myſelf a day or two at leaſt with *the oddneſs of his* converſation.

ABIGAL.

Ah, Madam! the drum began to beat in the houſe as ſoon as ever this creature was admitted to viſit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his addreſſes to you, there was not a mouſe ſtirring in the family more than uſed to be———

LADY.

This baggage has ſome deſign upon me, more than I can yet diſcover. [*Aſide.*] —Mr. *Fantome* was always thy favourite.

ABIGAL.

Ay, and ſhould have been yours too, by my conſent! Mr. *Fantome* was not ſuch a ſlight fantaſtic thing as this is ——Mr. *Fantome* was the beſt-built man one ſhould ſee in a ſummer's day! Mr. *Fantome* was a man of honour, and loved you! poor ſoul! how he ſighed when he has talked to me of my hard-hearted Lady.——Well! I had as lief as a thouſand pounds you would marry Mr. *Fantome!*

LADY.

To tell thee truly, I loved him well enough till I found he loved me ſo much. But Mr. *Tinſel* makes his court to me with ſo much neglect and indifference, and with ſuch an agreeable ſaucineſs——Not that I ſay I'll marry him.

ABIGAL.

Marry him, quoth-a! no if you ſhould, you'll be awakened ſooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY.

I'll hide my contempt of *Tinſel* for once, to ſee what this wench drives at. [*Aſide.*

ABIGAL.

Why, ſuppoſe your huſband, after this fair warning he has given you, ſhould ſound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, what doſt thou in bed with this ſpindle-ſhanked fellow?

LADY.

LADY.

Why wilt thou needs have it to be my huſband? he never had any reaſon to be offended at me. I always loved him while he was living, and ſhould prefer him to any man, were he ſo ſtill. Mr. *Tinſel* is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, *Abigal*, a diſcreet woman might reform him.

ABIGAL.

That's a likely matter indeed! did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when ſhe was his wife, that had none while ſhe was his miſtreſs! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaiſance like marriage!

LADY.

He is indeed, at preſent, too familiar in his converſation.

ABIGAL.

Familiar! Madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

LADY.

But that you know, *Abigal*, ſhows he has no diſſimulation in him—Then he is apt to jeſt a little too much upon grave ſubjects.

ABIGAL.

Grave ſubjects! he jeſts upon the church.

LADY.

But that you know, *Abigal*, may be only to ſhew his wit——Then it muſt be owned, he's extremely talkative.

ABIGAL.

Talkative d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

LADY.

But that you know, *Abigal*, is a ſign he has been uſed to good company—Then indeed he is very poſitive.

ABIGAL.

Poſitive! why he contradicts you in every thing you ſay.

LADY.

But then you know, *Abigal*, he has been educated at the inns of court.

ABIGAL.

A bleſſed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechiſm!

LADY.

You talk as if you hated him.

ABIGAL.

You talk as if you loved him.

LADY.

Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL.

My dear widow.

ABIGAL.

My dear widow, marry come up! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Let him alone, *Abigal*, ſo long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

TINSEL.

I have been moſt ridiculouſly diverted ſince I left you ——your ſervants have made a convert of my booby. His head is ſo filled with this fooliſh ſtory of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a meſſage by moon-light.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, what a loſs of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABIGAL.

Then you ſtill believe this to be a fooliſh ſtory? I thought my Lady had told you, that ſhe had heard it *herſelf.*

TIN-

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Why, you would not perſuade us out of our ſenſes.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

There's manners for you, Madam. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Admirably rallied! that laugh is unanſwerable! now I'll be hanged if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I ſhould tell you I heard it no longer ago than laſt night.

TINSEL.

Fancy!

LADY.

But what if I ſhould tell you my maid was with me!

TINSEL.

Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear widow, will you anſwer me one queſtion?—had you ever this noiſe of a drum in your head, all the while your huſband was living?

LADY.

And pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, will you let me aſk you another queſtion; do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

TINSEL.

Believe me, Madam, I could preſcribe you a cure for theſe imaginations.

ABIGAL.

Don't tell my Lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myſelf.

TINSEL.

Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

ABIGAL.

Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINSEL.

Whims! freeks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. *Abigal.*

ABIGAL.

Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

LADY.

Why truly I don't very well underſtand what you mean by your doctrine to me in the garden juſt now, that every thing we ſaw was made by chance.

ABIGAL.

A very pretty ſubject indeed for a lover to divert his miſtreſs with.

LADY.

But I ſuppoſe that was only a taſte of the converſation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINSEL.

Oh, I ſhall then have time to read you ſuch lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you ſhall learn to think as freely as the beſt of us, and be convinced in leſs than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY.

You are a very complaiſant perſon indeed; and ſo you would make your court to me, by perſuading me that I was made by chance!

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha! well ſaid, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINSEL.

Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY.

Though you give no credit to ſtories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are ſuch things as ſpirits!

TIN-

TINSEL.

Simplicity!

ABIGAL.

I fancy you don't believe women have ſouls, d'ye, Sir?

TINSEL.

Fooliſh enough!

LADY.

I vow, Mr. *Tinſel*, I'm afraid malicious peeple will ſay I'm in love with an atheiſt.

TINSEL.

Oh, my dear, that's an old faſhion'd word——I'm a free-thinker, child.

ABIGAL.

I am ſure you are a free-ſpeaker.

LADY.

Really, Mr. *Tinſel*, conſidering that you are ſo fine a gentleman, I'm amazed where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not ſpoiled your breeding.

TINSEL.

To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into theſe dry matters myſelf, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I ſometimes overhear at a Coffee-houſe I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of aſſes, that the world has been in an error for ſome thouſands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting thoſe two or three worthy gentlemen, are impoſed upon, cheated, bubbled, abuſed, bamboozled——

ABIGAL.

Madam, how can you hear ſuch a profligate? he talks like the *London* prodigal.

LADY.

Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no ſuch things as ſpirits, a woman has no occaſion for marrying—ſhe need not be afraid to lie by herſelf.

TINSEL.

Ah! my dear! are huſbands good for nothing but to

frighten away ſpirits? doſt thou think I could not inſtruct thee in ſeveral other comforts of matrimony?

LADY.

Ah! but you are a man of ſo much knowledge that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—you learned men are ſo apt to deſpiſe one!

TINSEL.

No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou ſhould'ſt be as wiſe as I am—in a week's time.

LADY.

Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY.

I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are ſerious.

TINSEL.

Well enough, faith! where's the jeſt of rallying any thing elſe!

ABIGAL.

Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this rate? [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

But where's this ghoſt! the ſon of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

ABIGAL.

Pray, Madam, don't ſuffer him to give the ghoſt ſuch ill language, eſpecially when you have reaſon to believe it is my m after.

TINSEL.

That's well enough faith, *Nab*; doſt thou think thy maſter is ſo unreaſonable, as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, have you fulfilled them to a tittle—did not you marry Sir *George* to the tune of *until death us do part?*

LADY.

LADY.

I muſt not hear Sir *George*'s memory treated in ſo ſlight a manner—this fellow muſt have been at ſome pains to make himſelf ſuch a finiſhed coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Give me but poſſeſſion of your perſon, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country Lady come to *London* with frightful ſtories of the hall-houſe being haunted, of fairies, ſpirits, and witches; that by the time ſhe had ſeen a comedy, played at an aſſembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been ſo little afraid of bugbears, that ſhe has ventured home in a chair at all hours of the night.

ABIGAIL.

Hum—ſauce-box. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

'Tis the ſolitude of the country that creates theſe whimſies; there was never ſuch a thing as a ghoſt heard of at *London*, except in the play-houſe—Oh, we'd paſs all our time at *London*. 'Tis the ſcene of pleaſure and diverſions, where there's ſomething to amuſe you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

LADY.

Well then, you have an opportunity of ſhewing the ſincerity of that love to me which you profeſs. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my perſon, not my jointure.

TINSEL.

Your jointure! how can you think me ſuch a dog! but child, won't your jointure be the ſame thing in *London* as in the country?

LADY.

No, you're deceived! you muſt know it is ſettled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old manſion-houſe, and keep it up in repair.

TINSEL.

How!

ABIGAL.

That's well put, Madam,

TINSEL.

Why, faith, I have been looking upon this houſe, and think it is the prettieſt habitation I ever ſaw in my life.

LADY.

Ay, but then this cruel drum!

TINSEL.

Something ſo venerable in it!

LADY.

Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL.

For my part, I like this *Gothic* way of building better than any of our new orders——it would be a thouſand pities it ſhould fall to ruin.

LADY.

Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL.

How pleaſantly we two could paſs our time in this delicious ſituation! Our lives would be a continued dream of happineſs. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY.

Ay, but the drum! the drum!

TINSEL.

My dear, take my word for't, it's all fancy: beſides ſhould he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I ſhould only hug thee the cloſer.

Claſp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys tho' thunder ſhook the room.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers* Vellum *in his Office, and a Letter in his hand.*

VELLUM.

THIS Letter aſtoniſheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my ſpectacles—'To *Humphrey Vellum*, Eſq; ſteward to the Lady *Truman*.

VELLUM,

'I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your maſter is alive, and deſigns to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being ſlain in the *Netherlands* has, I find, produced ſome diſorders in my family. I am now at the *George-Inn*; if an old man with a gray beard in a black cloke, enquires after you, give him admittance. He paſſes for a conjurer, but is really

Your faithful friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. 'Let this be a ſecret, and you ſhall find your account in it.'

This amazeth me! and yet the reaſons why I ſhould believe he is ſtill living are manifold—Firſt, becauſe this has often been the caſe of other military adventurers.

Secondly,

Secondly, becauſe the news of his death was firſt publiſhed in *Dyer's Letter*.

Thirdly, becauſe this letter can be written by none but himſelf—I know his hand, and manner of ſpelling.

Fourthly,——

Enter BUTLER.

BUTLER.

Sir, here's a ſtrange old gentleman that aſks for you; he ſays he's a conjurer, but he looks very ſuſpicious; I wiſh he ben't a jeſuit.

VELLUM.

Admit him immediately.

BUTLER.

I wiſh he ben't a jeſuit; but he ſays he's nothing but a conjurer.

VELLUM.

He ſays right——he is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in, and withdraw. [*Exit* Butler.

And fourthly, as I was ſaying, e auſe——

Enter BUTLER *with* Sir GEORGE.

BUTLER.

Sir, here is the conjurer—what a deviliſh long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing theſe hundred years. [*Aſide, Exit.*

Sir GEORGE.

Dear *Vellum*, you have received my letter; but before we proceed lock the door.

VELLUM.

It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

Sir GEORGE.

In the next place help me off with this cumberſome cloke.

VEL.

VELLUM.

It is his ſhape.

Sir GEORGE.

So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VELLUM.

[*After having look'd on Sir* George *thro' his ſpectacles.*]
It is his face, every lineament!

Sir GEORGE.

Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my eaſe.

VELLUM.

Believe me, my good maſter, I am as much rejoiced to ſee you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the news-papers, in the liſt of thoſe that were ſlain.

Sir GEORGE.

We have not time to be particular. I ſhall only tell thee in general, that I was taken priſoner in the battle, and was under cloſe confinement for ſeveral months. Upon my releaſe, I was reſolv'd to ſurprize my wife with the news of my being alive. I know *Vellum*, you are a perſon of ſo much penetration, that I need not uſe any further arguments to convince you that I am ſo.

VELLUM.

I am—and moreover, I queſtion not but your good Lady will likewiſe be convinced of it. Her ho-nour is a diſcerning Lady.

Sir GEORGE.

I'm only afraid ſhe ſhou'd be convinc'd of it to her ſorrow. Is not ſhe pleaſed with her imaginary widow-dood? Tell me truly was ſhe afflicted at the report of my death?

VELLUM.

Sorely.

Sir GEORGE.

How long did her grief laſt?

VEL-

VELLUM.

Longer than I have known any widows——at leaſt three days.

Sir GEORGE.

Three days, ſay'ſt thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flattereſt me——O woman! woman!

VELLUM.

Grief is two-fold.

Sir GEORGE.

This blockhead is as methodical as ever——but I know he's honeſt. *(Aſide.*

VELLUM.

There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; ſhe was drown'd in tears till ſuch time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds——indeed they became her.

Sir GEORGE.

Became her! and was that her comfort? truly a moſt ſeaſonable conſolation!

VELLUM.

But I muſt needs ſay ſhe paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when ſhe ſaw company.

Sir GEORGE.

That was kind indeed! I find ſhe griev'd with a deal of good-breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VELLUM.

Her jointure is conſiderable.

Sir GEORGE.

How this fool torments me! [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

Her perſon is amiable——

Sir GEORGE.

Death! [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

But her character is unblemiſhed. She has been as *virtuous in* your abſence as a Penelope——

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

And has had as many ſuitors.

VELLUM.

Several have made their overtures.

Sir GEORGE.

Several!

VELLUM.

But ſhe has rejected all.

Sir GEORGE.

There thou reviv'ſt me—but what means *Tinſel?* Are his viſits acceptable?

VELLUM.

He is young.

Sir GEORGE.

Does ſhe liſten to him?

VELLUM.

He is gay.

Sir GEORGE.

Sure ſhe could never entertain a thought of marrying ſuch a coxcomb!

VELLUM.

He is not ill-made.

Sir GEORGE.

Are the vows and proteſtations that paſt between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! is *Tinſel* the man deſign'd for my worthy ſucceſſor?

VELLUM.

You do not conſider that you have been dead theſe fourteen months.

Sir GEORGE.

Was there ever ſuch a dog? [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

And I have often heard her ſay, that ſhe muſt never expect to find a ſecond Sir *George Truman*—meaning your Ho-nour.

Sir GEORGE.

I think ſhe lov'd me; but I muſt ſearch into this ſtory of the *Drummer* before I diſcover myſelf to her. I have put on this habit of a Conjurer, in order to introduce myſelf. It muſt be your buſineſs to recommend me as a moſt profound perſon, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can ſilence the *Drummer*, and diſpoſſeſs the houſe.

VELLUM.

I am going to lay my accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho-nour to admit the trial of your art.

Sir GEORGE.

I have ſcarce heard of any of theſe ſtories that did not ariſe from a love-intrigue—Amours raiſe as many ghoſts as murders.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to perſuade us, that 'tis your Ho-nour who troubles the houſe.

Sir GEORGE.

That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well aſſur'd it is not me.

VELLUM.

I am apt to think ſo truly. Ha—ha—ha.

Sir GEORGE.

Abigal had always an aſcendant over her Lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it ſhe is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghoſt be not one of *Abigal*'s familiars.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very myſterious.

Sir GEORGE.

I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'ſt worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you

VEL-

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* hath her allurements, and ſhe knows I have pick'd up a competency in your Ho--nour's ſervice.

Sir GEORGE.

If thou haſt, all I aſk of thee in return is, that thou would'ſt immediately renew your addreſſes to her. Coax her up. Thou haſt ſuch a ſilver tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impoſſible for her to withſtand. Beſides, ſhe is ſo very a woman, that ſhe'll like thee the better for giving her the pleaſure of telling a ſecret. In ſhort, wheedle her out of it, and I ſhall act by the advice which thou giveſt me.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that ſubject. I will take an opportunity of addreſſing myſelf to her in the moſt pathetic manner.

Sir GEORGE.

In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what ſucceſs you have---Well, ſure I am the firſt that ever was employ'd to lay himſelf!

VELLUM.

You act indeed a three-fold part in this houſe; you are a Ghoſt, a Conjurer, and my ho--noured Maſter, Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir GEORGE.

O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleaſeſt, ſo thou doſt thy buſineſs [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your commiſſion is twofold, firſt to gain admiſſion for me to your Lady, and ſecondly to get the ſecret out of *Abigal*.

VELLUM.

It ſufficeth.

[*The ſcene ſhuts.*

Enter

Enter LADY *ſola.*

LADY.

Women who have been happy in a firſt marriage, are the moſt apt to venture upon a ſecond. But for my part, I had a huſband ſo every way ſuited to my inclinations, that I muſt entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profeſt admirers of my perſon, but paſſionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my ſex to make an example of this worthleſs tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dreſs themſelves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. *Tinſel* is the moſt extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diverſion I give myſelf with him is unblameable. I'm ſure 'tis neceſſary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greateſt happineſs and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find theſe innocent methods to relieve it. But here comes *Abigal.* I muſt teaze the baggage, for I find ſhe has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her diſpoſal.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinſel* has as good as taken poſſeſſion of your houſe. Marry, he ſays, he muſt have Sir *George*'s apartment enlarg'd; for truly, ſays he, I hate to be ſtraiten'd. Nay, he was ſo impudent as to ſhew me the chamber where he intends to conſummate, as he calls it.

LADY.

LADY.

Well! he's a wild fellow.

ABIGAL.

Indeed he's a very ſad man, Madam.

LADY.

He's young, *Abigal*; 'tis a thouſand pities he ſhould be loſt; I ſhould be mighty glad to reform him.

ABIGAL.

Reform him! marry, hang him!

LADY.

Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIGAL.

Ay, enough to make your heart ake.

LADY.

I dare ſay thou think'ſt him a very agreeable fellow.

ABIGAL.

He thinks himſelf ſo, I'll anſwer for him.

LADY.

He's very good-natur'd!

ABIGAL.

He ought to be ſo, for he's very ſilly.

LADY.

Doſt thou think he loves me?

ABIGAL.

Mr. *Fantome* did, I am ſure.

LADY.

With what raptures he talk'd!

ABIGAL.

Yes, but 'twas in praiſe of your jointure-houſe.

LADY.

He has kept bad company.

ABIGAL.

They muſt be very bad indeed, if they were worſe than himſelf.

LADY.

LADY.

I have a ſtrong fancy a good woman might reform him.

ABIGAL.

It would be a fine experiment, if it ſhould not ſucceed.

LADY.

Well, *Abigal*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occaſion for you at preſent. [*Exit* Abigal.

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Madam, is your Ho--nour at leiſure to look into the accounts of the laſt week? They riſe very high—houſe-keeping is chargeable in a houſe that is haunted.

LADY.

How comes that to paſs? I hope the drum neither eats or drinks? But read your account, *Vellum*.

VELLUM.

[*Putting on and off his ſpectacles in this ſcene*] A hogſhead and a half of ale——it is not for the ghoſt's drinking ——But your Ho--nour's ſervants ſay they muſt have ſomething to keep up their courage againſt this ſtrange noiſe. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their ſmall-beer, ſo long as the houſe continues in this condition.

LADY.

At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll anſwer for 'em. But go on.

VELLUM.

Item, Two ſheep, and a———Where is the ox?—Oh, here I have him——and an ox——your Ho-nour muſt always have a piece of cold beef in the houſe for the entertainment of ſo many ſtrangers, who come from all

all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, Bread, ten peck-loaves——They cannot eat beef without bread——*Item*, Three barrels of table-beer——They muſt drink with their meat.

LADY.

Sure no woman in *England* has a ſteward that makes ſuch ingenious comments on his works. [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

Item, To Mr. *Tinſel*'s ſervants five bottles of port wine ——it was by your Ho--nour's order——*Item*, Three bottles of ſack for the uſe of Mrs. *Abigal.*

LADY.

I ſuppoſe that was by your own order.

VELLUM.

We have been long friends, we are your Ho--nour's ancient ſervants; ſack is an innocent cordial, and gives her ſpirit to chide the ſervants, when they are tardy in their buſineſs; he, he, he, pardon me for being jocular.

LADY.

Well, I ſee you'll come together at laſt.

VELLUM.

Item, A dozen pound of watch-lights for the uſe of the ſervants.

LADY.

For the uſe of the ſervants! What, are the rogues afraid of ſleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is ſuch a particular diſtreſs, it puts me to my wits end. *Vellum*, What would you adviſe me to do?

VELLUM.

Madam, your Ho--nour has two points to conſider. *Imprimis*, To retrench theſe extravagant expences, which ſo many ſtrangers bring upon you——*Secondly*, To clear the houſe of this inviſible Drummer.

LADY.

LADY.

This learned diviſion leaves me juſt as wiſe as I was. But how muſt we bring theſe two points to bear?

VELLUM.

I beſeech your Ho—nour to give me the hearing.

LADY.

I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VELLUM.

I will be conciſe. There is a certain perſon arrived this morning, an aged man of a venerable aſpect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a——

LADY.

No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VELLUM.

Give me the hearing, good my Lady. He pretendeth to great ſkill in the occult ſciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the ſecret of laying ghoſts, or of quieting houſes that are haunted.

LADY.

Pho, theſe are idle ſtories to amuſe the country people, this can do us no good.

VELLUM.

It can do us no harm, my Lady.

LADY.

I dare ſay thou doſt not believe there is any thing in it thyſelf.

VELLUM.

I cannot ſay, I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his ſkill; if it ſhould ſucceed, we are rid of the Drum; if it ſhould not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at leaſt get out of this expenſive way of living;

ſo

ſo that it muſt turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY.

I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain ſee him. He muſt be a curioſity.

VELLUM.

I have already diſcours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He aſks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work;—no cure, no money.

LADY.

That circumſtance, I muſt confeſs, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, *Vellum*, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VELLUM.

I am gone. He ſhall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDINER.

BUTLER.

Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARDINER.

What's the matter; haſt thou got any more vales for us?

BUTLER.

No, 'tis better than that.

COACHMAN.

Is there another ſtranger come to the houſe?

BUTLER.

Ay, ſuch a ſtranger as will make all our lives eaſy.

GARDINER.

What! is he a Lord?

BUTLER.

A Lord! no, nothing like it,—He's a Conjurer.

COACH-

COACHMAN.

A Conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

BUTLER.

No, no, you fool, he's come on purpoſe to lay the ſpirit.

COACHMAN.

Ay marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

BUTLER.

He's lock'd up with the Steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very cloſe. I fancy they are caſting a figure.

GARDINER.

Pr'ythee, *John*, what ſort of a creature is a Conjurer?

BUTLER.

Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long gray beard.

COACHMAN.

Look ye, *Peter*, it ſtands with reaſon, that a Conjurer ſhould have a long gray beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

GARDINER.

Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very ſmock'd face man, and yet ſpew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thoud'ſt get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd ſhew us a few tricks. Doſt think we could not perſuade him to ſwallow one of thy caſe-knives for his diverſion? he'll certainly bring it up again.

BUTLER.

Peter, thou art ſuch a wiſeacre! thou doſt not know the difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This man muſt be a very great maſter of his trade. His beard is at leaſt half a yard long, he's dreſt in a ſtrange dark cloke, as black as a coal. Your Conjurer always goes in mourning.

GAR-

GARDINER.

Is he a gentleman? had he a ſword by his ſide?

BUTLER.

No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a conjurer is as grave as a judge—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACHMAN.

You may be ſure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

GARDINER.

I warrant you if the ghoſt appears, he'll whiſk ye that wand before his eyes, and ſtrike you the drumſtic out of his hand.

BUTLER.

No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghoſt in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you muſt know, is a conjurer's trap.

COACHMAN.

But what will he do with him when he has him there?

BUTLER.

Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

GARDINER.

If he can once compaſs him, and get him in lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but ſpeak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thouſand years.

COACHMAN.

Ay, ay, he'll ſend him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUTLER.

No, no, I would adviſe Madam to ſpare no coſt. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghoſt, and lay him, look ye, in the red-ſea—and then he's laid for ever.

COACHMAN.

Ay, marry, that would ſpoil his drum for him.

GARDINER.

Why *John*, there muſt be a power of ſpirits in that ſame red-ſea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fiſh.

COACHMAN.

Well, I wiſh after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

GARDINER.

I wiſh the ſpirit may not carry a corner of the houſe off with him.

BUTLER.

As for that, *Peter*, you may be ſure that the ſteward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he ſhall ſtand to all coſts and damages—but hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigal*, we ſhall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARDINER.

Ay lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigal* well laid too—we ſhould lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's ſtout and bold,
A ghoſt is not ſo dreadful as a ſcold.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Sir* George *in* Vellum's *Office.*

I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his wiſdom will do nothing raſhly. The fellow has been ſo uſed to form in buſineſs, that it has infected his whole converſation. But I muſt not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of ſo much uſe to me; my eſtate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well, *Vellum*, I am impatient to hear your ſucceſs.

VELLUM.

Firſt, let me lock the door.

Sir GEORGE.

Will your Lady admit me?

VELLUM.

If this lock is not mended ſoon, it will be quite ſpoiled.

Sir GEORGE.

Pr'ythee let the lock alone at preſent, and anſwer me

VELLUM.

Delays in buſineſs are dangerous—I muſt ſend for the ſmith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir GEORGE.

What ſays your Lady?

VELLUM.

This pen is naught, and wants mending——My Lady, did you ſay?

Sir GEORGE.

Does ſhe admit me?

VELLUM.

I have gained admiſſion for you as a conjurer.

Sir GEORGE.

That's enough! I'll gain admiſſion for myſelf as a huſband. Does ſhe believe there is any thing in my art?

VELLUM.

It is hard to know what a woman believes.

Sir GEORGE.

Did ſhe aſk no queſtions about me?

VELLUM.

Sundry——ſhe deſires to talk with you herſelf, before you enter upon your buſineſs.

Sir GEORGE.

But when?

VELLUM.

Immediately. This inſtant.

Sir GEORGE.

Pugh. What haſt thou been doing all this while? Why didſt not tell me ſo? give me my cloke—have you yet met with *Abigal?*

VELLUM.

I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged ſome languiſhing glances.

Sir GEORGE.

Let thee alone for that, *Vellum*, I have formerly ſeen thee ogle her through thy ſpectacles. Well! this is a moſt venerable cloke, after the buſineſs of this day is over, I'll make thee a preſent of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VELLUM.

He, he, he! would you make a conjurer of your ſteward?

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Prythee don't be jocular, I'm in haſte. Help me on with my beard.

VELLUM.

And what will your ho—nour do with your caſt beard?

Sir GEORGE.

Why, faith, thy gravity wants only ſuch a beard to it; if thou would'ſt wear it with the cloke, thou would'ſt make a moſt compleat heathen philoſopher. But where's my wand?

VELLUM.

A fine taper ſtick! it is well choſen. I will keep this till you are ſheriff of the county. It is not my cuſtom to let any thing be loſt.

Sir GEORGE.

Come, *Vellum*, lead the way. You muſt introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fitteſt fellow in the world to be a maſter of the ceremonies to a conjurer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ABIGAL *croſſing the ſtage*, TINSEL *following.*

TINSEL.

Naby, *Naby*, whither ſo faſt, child?

ABIGAL.

Keep your hands to yourſelf. I'm going to call the ſteward to my Lady.

TINSEL.

What? goodman *Twofold?* I met him walking with a ſtrange old fellow yonder. I ſuppoſe he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He muſt be ſome of the furniture of this old manſion-houſe.

ABIGAL.

What does the man mean? don't think to palm me as you do my Lady.

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, *Nab*, tell me one thing; what's the reaſon thou art my enemy?

ABIGAL.

Marry, becauſe I'm a friend to my Lady.

TINSEL.

Doſt thou ſee any thing about me thou doſt not like? Come hither, huſſy, give me a kiſs: don't be ill-natured.

ABIGAL.

Sir, I know how to be civil [*Kiſſes her*] —— this rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thy lips are as ſoft as velvet, *Abigal*, I muſt get thee a huſband.

ABIGAL.

Ay, now you don't ſpeak idly, I can talk to you.

TINSEL.

I have one in my eye for thee. Doſt thou love a young luſty ſon of a whore?

ABIGAL.

Laud, how you talk!

TINSEL.

This is a thundering dog.

ABIGAL.

What is he?

TINSEL.

A private Gentleman.

ABIGAL.

Ay! where does he live?

TINSEL.

In the horſe-guards—But he has one fault I muſt tell thee of. If thou canſt bear with that he's a man for thy purpoſe!

ABIGAL.

Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what may that be?

TIN-

TINSEL.

He's but five and twenty years old.

ABIGAL.

'Tis no matter for his age, if he has bee well educated.

TINSEL.

No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toſs a dye, make a paſs, and ſwear with ſuch a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIGAL.

Half theſe accompliſhments will do, provided he has an eſtate—Pray what has he?

TINSEL.

Not a farthing.

ABIGAL.

Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

But as for that I would make it up to him.

ABIGAL.

How?

TINSEL.

Why, look ye, child, as ſoon as I have married thy Lady, I deſign to diſcard this old prig of a ſteward, and to put this honeſt gentleman, I am ſpeaking of, into his place.

ABIGAL.

This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to ſay to him.—[*Aſide*]—Hark! my Lady's a coming!

TINSEL.

Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my promiſe.

ABIGAL.

Ay, and ſo will I too—to your coſt. [*Aſide*

[*Exit* Abigal.

TINSEL.

My dear is purely fitted up with a maid—but I ſhall d the houſe of her.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be diſagreeable to a man of wit and pleaſure of the town—— There may be ſomething diverting in a converſation between a conjurer and this conceited aſs. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

She loves me to diſtraction, I ſee that. [*Aſide.*]—— Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyſelf.

LADY.

You muſt know here is a ſtrange ſort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the houſe from this diſturbance. The ſteward believes him a conjurer.

TINSEL.

Ay; thy ſteward is a deep one!

LADY.

He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

TINSEL.

Oh! I warrant you he has ſtudied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an *Oxford* ſcholar?——Widow, thy houſe is the moſt extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in chriſtendom——I think thy four chief domeſtics are—a withered *Abigal*—a ſuperannuated ſteward—a ghoſt—and a conjurer.

LADY. [*mimicking* Tinſel.]

And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary perſon than any of all theſe four.

TINSEL.

It's a ſure ſign a woman loves you, when ſhe imitates your manner. [*Aſide.*]—Thou'rt very ſmart, my dear. But ſee! ſmoke the doctor.

Enter.

Enter VELLUM, *and Sir* GEORGE *in his Conjurer's habit.*

VELLUM.

I will introduce this profound perſon to your Ladyſhip, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her ho-nour.

Sir GEORGE.

I know it well. [*Exit* Vellum.

[*Aſide, walking in a muſing poſture.*] That dear woman! the ſight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderneſs, did not I, at the ſame time, feel an indignation riſe in me, to ſee that wretch with her: And yet I cannot but ſmile to ſee her in the company of her firſt and ſecond huſband at the ſame time.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinſel*, do you ſpeak to him, you are uſed to the company of men of learning.

TINSEL.

Old gentleman, thou doſt not look like an inhabitant of this world; I ſuppoſe thou art lately come down from the ſtars. Pray what news is ſtirring in the *Zodiac*?

Sir GEORGE.

News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. *Mars* is now entering into the firſt houſe, and will ſhortly appear in all his domal dignities.—

TINSEL.

Mars? pr'ythee, father grey-beard, explain thyſelf.

Sir GEORGE.

The entrance of *Mars* into his houſe, portends the entrance of a maſter into this family, and that ſoon.

TINSEL.

D'ye hear that, widow? The ſtars have cut me out for thy huſband, this houſe is to have a maſter, and that ſoon——Hark thee, old *Gadbury*, is not *Mars* very like a young fellow called Tom Tinſel?

Sir GEORGE.

Not ſo much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

TINSEL.

A word in your ear, Doctor; theſe two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir GEORGE. [*Aſide, walking diſturbed.*]

Curſe on this impertinent fop! I ſhall ſcarce forbear diſcovering myſelf—Madam, I am told that your houſe is viſited with ſtrange noiſes.

LADY.

And I am told that you can quiet them. I muſt confeſs I had a curioſity to ſee the perſon I had heard ſo much of; and indeed, your aſpect ſhows that you have had much experience in the world. You muſt be a very aged man.

Sir GEORGE.

My aſpect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

TINSEL.

I ſhould gueſs thee within three years of *Methuſelah*. Pr'ythee tell me, was not thou born before the flood?

LADY.

Truly I ſhould gueſs you to be in your ſecond or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

Sir GEORGE.

Ha, ha, ha! if there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty laſt *Auguſt*. O! the ſtudy of the occult ſciences makes a man's beard grow faſter than you would imagine.

LADY.

What an eſcape you have had, Mr. *Tinſel*, that you were not bred a ſcholar!

TINSEL.

And ſo I fancy, doctor, thou think'ſt me an illiterate fellow, becauſe I have a ſmooth-chin?

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of phyſiognomy: but let that be a ſecret between you and me. [*Aſide to* Tinſel.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what is it the Doctor whiſpers?

TINSEL.

Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY.

Pray, Doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir GEORGE.

If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or——than you do, fair Lady.

TINSEL.

Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

LADY.

For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, Doctor.

Sir GEORGE.

He will be croſs'd in love; and that ſoon.

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Doſt not thou live in *Moor-Fields*?

Sir GEORGE.

Take my word for it, thou ſhalt never live in my Lady *Truman*'s manſion-houſe.

TINSEL.

Pray, old gentleman, haſt thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert ſaucy?

LADY.

Nay, Mr. *Tinſel*, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir GEORGE.

Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but ſhort-liv'd. He will ſoon die of——

TIN-

TINSEL.

Come, come, peak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burſt with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

He will ſoon die of a fright—or of the—let me ſee your noſe——ay——'tis ſo!

TINSEL.

You ſon of a whore! I'll run you through the body, I never yet made the ſun ſhine through a conjurer——

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinſel!* you will not kill an old man?

TINSEL.

An old man! the dog ſays he's but five and thirty.

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinſel*, I did not think you could have been ſo paſſionate; I hate a paſſionate man. Put up your ſword, or I muſt never ſee you again.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jeſt, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I would but have drill'd a little eyelet hole in it, and have ſeen whether he had art enough to cloſe it up again.

Sir GEORGE.

Courage is but ill ſhown before a Lady. But know if ever I meet thee again, thou ſhalt find this arm can wield other weapons beſides this wand.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

LADY.

Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will ſhow your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noiſe is generally heard.

TINSEL.

And look ye, old gentleman, if thou doſt not do thy buſineſs

buſineſs well, I can tell thee by the little ſkill I have, that thou wilt be toſs'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to ſend thee back to the ſtars again.

Sir GEORGE.

I'll go and prepare myſelf for the ceremonies. —— and Lady, as you expect they ſhould ſucceed to your wiſhes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deſerves.

[*Exit Sir* George.

TINSEL.

The ſaucieſt dog I ever talk'd with in my whole life!

LADY.

Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may ſee he's no fool.

TINSEL.

No fool! ay, but thou doſt not take him for a conjurer.

LADY.

Truly I don't know what to take him for: I am reſolv'd to employ him however. When a ſickneſs is deſperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you order'd.

LADY.

Come, Mr. *Tinſel*, we may there talk of this ſubject more at leiſure. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinſel.

ABIGAL ſola.

Sure never any Lady had ſuch ſervants as mine has! well, if I get this thouſand pound, I hope to have ſome of my own. Let me ſee, I'll have a pretty tight girl—juſt ſuch as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may ſay twenty) ſhe ſhall dreſs me and flatter me—for I will be flatter'd,

flatter'd, that's pos! my Lady's caſt ſuits will ſerve her, after I have given them the wearing. Beſides, when I am worth a thouſand pound, I ſhall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum!*—how prettily that will ſound! Here, bring out Madam *Vellum's* chaiſe—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the Attorney's wife's heart—for I ſhall take place of every body in the pariſh but my Lady. If I have a ſon, he ſhall be call'd *Fantome*. But ſee, Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wiſh. I know his humour, and will do my utmoſt to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM *with a pint of ſack.*

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, don't I break in upon you unſeaſonably?

ABIGAL.

Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your viſits are always ſeaſonable.

VELLUM.

I have brought with me a taſte of freſh canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIGAL.

Pray ſet it down——I have a dram-glaſs juſt by—— [*Brings in a rummer.*

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good health.

VELLUM.

And your own with it——ſweet Mrs. *Abigal*.

ABIGAL.

Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little parcel of this ſack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

ABIGAL.

Mrs. *Abigal*, your name ſeldom appears in my bills—and yet——if you will allow me a merry expreſſion——you have been always in my books, Mrs. *Abigal*. Ha, *ha, ha!*

ABI-

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are ſuch a dry jeſting man!

VELLUM.

Why truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my papers——and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIGAL.

Your debtor, for what, Mr. *Vellum?*

VELLUM.

For my heart, Mrs. *Abigal*—and our accounts will not be balanc'd between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! you are the moſt gallant dun, Mr. *Vellum.*

VELLUM.

But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my debt?

ABIGAL.

Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one bluſh—my humble ſervice to you.

VELLUM.

I muſt anſwer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the country phraſe —*Your love is ſufficient.* Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I muſt own I love a merry man!

VELLUM.

Let me ſee, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, ſince I firſt broke my mind to you—It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*, ——we have convers'd together theſe fifteen years——and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he——Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocoſe.

ABIGAL.

Ah, you men love to make ſport with us ſilly creatures.

VEL-

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, I have a trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a preſent of. It is indeed but a little toy.

ABIGAL.

You are always exceedingly obliging.

VELLUM.

It is but a little toy——ſcarce worth your acceptance

ABIGAL.

Pray do not keep me in ſuſpence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum?*

VELLUM.

A ſilver thimble.

ABIGAL.

I always ſaid, Mr. *Vellum* was a generous lover.

VELLUM.

But I muſt put it on myſelf, Mrs. *Abigal*—you have the prettieſt tip of a finger—I muſt take the freedom to ſalute it.

ABIGAL.

Oh fy! you make me aſham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do ſo? I proteſt I am in ſuch a confuſion——

[*A feign'd ſtruggle.*

VELLUM.

This finger is not the finger of idleneſs; it bears the honourable ſcars of the needle——but why are you ſo cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIGAL.

Oh, I vow you preſs it ſo hard! pray give me my finger again.

VELLUM.

This middle finger, Mrs. *Abigal*, has a pretty neighbour——a wedding ring would become it mightily—He, he, he!

ABIGAL.

You're ſo full of your jokes. Ay, but where muſt I find one for it?

VEL-

VELLUM.

I deſign this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will ſet off each other, and are——indeed a two-fold emblem. The firſt will put you in mind of being a good huſwife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Yes, yes, I ſee you laugh at me.

VELLUM.

Indeed I am ſerious.

ABIGAL,

I thought you had forſaken me——I am ſure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promiſes you formerly made me.

VELLUM.

I ſhould as ſoon forget the multiplication table.

ABIGAL.

I have always taken your part before my Lady.

VELLUM.

You have ſo, and I have *Item'd* it in my memory.

ABIGAL.

For I have always look'd upon your intereſts as my own.

VELLUM.

It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being ſo.

ABIGAL.

I muſt ſtrike while the iron's hot. [*Aſide*]——Well, Mrs. *Vellum*, there is no refuſing you, you have ſuch a bewitching tongue!

VELLUM.

How? ſpeak that again!

ABIGAL.

Why then in plain *Engliſh* I love you.

VELLUM.

I'm overjoy'd!

ABI-

ABIGAL.

I muſt own my paſſion for you.

VELLUM.

I'm tranſported. [*Catches her in his arms.*

ABIGAL.

Dear charming man!

VELLUM.

Thou ſum total of all my happineſs! I ſhall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of ſack. Your Lady muſt make haſte, my duck, or we ſhall provide a young ſteward to the eſtate, before ſhe has an heir to it———Pr'ythee my dear, does ſhe intend to marry Mr. *Tinſel?*

ABIGAL.

Marry him! my love, no, no! we muſt take care of that! there would be no ſtaying in the houſe for us if ſhe did. That young rake-hell would ſend all the old ſervants a grazing. You and I ſhould be diſcarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

VELLUM.

Pr'ythee, ſweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIGAL.

This drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no leſs than a thouſand pound in our way.

VELLUM.

Ay, ſay'ſt thou ſo, my Turtle?

ABIGAL.

Since we are now as good as man and wife——I mean, almoſt as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VELLUM.

Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy *help*-mate, thy own fleſh and blood?

ABIGAL.

Huſh! I hear Mr. Tinſel's laugh, my Lady and he are a co-

a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VELLUM.

Give me your hand, chicken.

ABIGAL.

Here, take it, you have my heart already.

VELLUM.

We ſhall have much iſſue. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

VELLUM,

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you——and therefore be attentive.

BUTLER.

Attentive! ay, let me alone for that. ——I ſuppoſe he means being ſober. [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

You know I have always recommended to you a method in your buſineſs; I would have your knives and forks, your ſpoons and napkins, your plate and glaſſes laid in a method.

BUTLER.

Ah, Mr. *Vellum*, you are ſuch a ſweet-ſpoken man it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VELLUM.

Method, *John*, makes buſineſs eaſy, it baniſhes all perplexity and confuſion out of families.

BUTLER.

How he talks! I could hear him all day.

VELLUM.

And now, *John*, let me know whether your table-linen, your ſide-board, your cellar, and every thing elſe within your province, are properly and methodically diſpos'd for an entertainment this evening.

BUT-

BUTLER

Maſter *Vellum*, they ſhall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the Conjurer?

VELLUM,

It is, *John*, for the Conjurer, and yet it is not for the Conjurer.

BUTLER.

Why, look you, Maſter *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjurer, the cook-maid ſhould have orders to get him ſome diſhes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimſtone in his ſauce.

VELLUM.

This Conjurer, *John*, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a perſon of a two-fold nature—— but he eats and drinks like other men.

BUTLER.

Marry, Maſter *Vellum*, he ſhould eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VELLUM.

Thy conceit is not amiſs, he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

BUTLER.

Ha! I underſtand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VELLUM,

He is married, and he is not married——he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He, is old and he is young.

BUTLER.

How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Maſter *Vellum*, you could make a riddle. The ſame man old and young? how do you make that out, Maſter *Vellum*?

VELLUM.

Thou haſt heard of a ſnake caſting his ſkin, and recovering his youth. Such is this ſage perſon.

BUT-

BUTLER.

Nay, 'tis no wonder a Conjurer ſhould be like a ſerpent.

VELLUM.

When he has thrown aſide the old Conjurer's ſlough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was ſeen in this houſe.

BUTLER.

Does he intend to ſup in his ſlough?

VELLUM.

That time will ſhow.

BUTLER.

Well, I have not a head for theſe things. Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not underſtood one word you have ſaid this half hour.

VELLUM.

I did not intend thou ſhould'ſt—but to our buſineſs—let there be a table ſpread in the great hall. Let your pots and glaſſes be waſh'd, and in readineſs. Bid the cook provide a plentiful ſupper, and ſee that all the ſervants be in their beſt liveries.

BUTLER.

Ay! now I underſtand every word you ſay. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VELLUM.

I ſhall explain to thee what I have ſaid by and by—bid *Suſan* lay two pillows upon your Lady's bed.

BUTLER.

Two pillows! Madam won't ſleep upon 'em both! ſhe is not a double woman too.

VELLUM.

She will ſleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigal*, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

BUTLER.

Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; ſhe, I am ſure, ſpeaks plain *Engliſh*, one may eaſily underſtand every word ſhe ſays. (*Exit* Butler.

VEL-

VELLUM *ſolus.*

VELLUM.

Servants are good for nothing, unleſs they have an opinion of the perſon's underſtanding who has the direction of them——but ſee Mrs. *Abigal!* ſhe has a bewitching countenance, I wiſh I may not be tempted to marry her in good earneſt.

Enter ABIGAL,

ABIGAL.

Ha! Mr. *Vellum.*

VELLUM.

What brings my ſweet one hither?

ABIGAL.

I am coming to ſpeak to my friend behind the wainſcot. It is fit, child, he ſhould have an account of this Conjurer, that he may not be ſurpris'd.

VELLUM.

That would be as much as thy thouſand pound is worth.

ABIGAL.

I'll ſpeak low——walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainſcot.*

VELLUM.

But hark you, Ducklin! be ſure you do not tell him that I am let into the ſecret.

ABIGAL.

That's a good one indeed! as if I ſhould ever tell what paſſes between you and me.

VELLUM.

No, no, my child, that muſt not be; he, he, he! that muſt not be; he, he, he!

ABI-

ABIGAL.

You will always be waggiſh.

VELLUM.

Adieu, and let me hear the reſult of your conference.

ABIGAL.

How can you leave one ſo ſoon? I ſhall think it an age till I ſee you again.

VELLUM.

Adieu, my pretty one.

ABIGAL.

Adieu, ſweet Mr. *Vellum.*

VELLUM.

My pretty one.——— [*As he is going off.*

ABIGAL.

Dear, Mr. *Vellum!*

VELLUM.

My pretty one! [*Exit* Vellum.

ABIGAL *ſola.*

I have him—if I can but get this thouſand pound.

[Fantome *gives three raps with his Drum behind the wainſcot.*

ABIGAL.

Ha! three raps upon the Drum! the ſignal Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to ſpeak with me. [Fantome *raps again.*

ABIGAL.

Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens and FANTOME *comes out.*

ABIGAL.

You may leave your Drum in the wardrobe, till you have occaſion for it.

FAN-

FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I want to hear what is a doing in the world.

ABIGAL.

You are a very inquiſitive ſpirit. But I muſt tell you, if you do not take care of yourſelf, you will be laid this evening.

FANTOME.

I have overheard ſomething of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor——I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about *Tinſel*. When a Lady's in the caſe, I am more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

ABIGAL.

To tell you truly, he preſſes his attacks with ſo much impudence, that he has made more progreſs with my Lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANTOME.

I ſhall attack her in another manner, if thou canſt but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover ſo keen, as being kept up in the dark.

ABIGAL.

Pray no more of your diſtant bows, your reſpectful compliments——Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make love acroſs a tea-table.

FANTOME.

My dear Girl! I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIGAL.

Ay, now I have ſome hopes of you; but why don't you do ſo to my Lady?

FANTOME.

Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with reſpect.

ABIGAL.

Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not ſo great a

difference between woman and woman as you imagine. You ſee *Tinſel* has nothing but his ſaucineſs to recommend him.

FANTOME.

Tinſel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love —And let me tell thee, *Abigal*, a man who is ſincere in his paſſion, makes but a very aukward profeſſion of it —but I'll mend my manners.

ABIGAL.

Ay, or you'll never gain a widow—— come, I muſt tutor you a little; ſuppoſe me to be my Lady, and let me ſee how you'll behave yourſelf.

FANTOME.

I'm afraid, child, we han't time for ſuch a piece of mummery.

ABIGAL.

Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANTOME.

Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*—I mean my Lady *Truman.*

ABIGAL.

Ay! but you han't ſaluted me.

FANTOME.

That's right; Faith, I forgot that circumſtance. [*Kiſſes her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambroſia!*

ABIGAL.

That's very well——

FANTOME.

How long muſt I be condemned to languiſh! when ſhall my ſufferings have an end! my life! my happineſs, my all is wound up in you.——

ABIGAL.

Well! why don't you ſqueeze my hand?

FANTOME.

What, thus?

ABI-

ABIGAL.

Thus? Ay—now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer,—You are not afraid of hurting me! now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

FANTOME.

Transport and ecstasy! where am I! my life! my bliss!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

ABIGAL.

Go on, go on.

FANTOME.

Flames and darts——bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes——flowers, *Zephyrs*, and purling streams.

ABIGAL.

Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! you were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANTOME.

This will do then, *Abigal?*

ABIGAL.

Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my Lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience, when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANTOME.

I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson into practice.

ABIGAL.

You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at eight, and at nine the Conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANTOME.

Let me alone with both of them.

ABIGAL

Well! forewarn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to diſpoſe every thing in your favour.

[*Footman goes in, exit* Abigal.

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Mrs. Abigal is withdrawn—I was in hopes to have heard what paſs'd between her and her inviſible correſpondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL.

Vellum! Vellum!

VELLUM.

Vellum! We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd ſo by any but their Ho—nours. [*Aſide.*] ——What would you, *Mr. Tinſel?*

TINSEL.

Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VELLUM.

What is that, good Sir?

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy Lady's eſtate.

VELLUM.

The rent-roll?

TINSEL.

The rent-roll? ay, the rent-roll! doſt not underſtand what that means?

VELLUM.

Why, have you thoughts of purchaſing it?

TINSEL.

Thou haſt hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VEL-

VELLUM.

The purchaſe will be conſiderable.

TINSEL.

And for that reaſon I have bid thy Lady very high —ſhe is to have no leſs for it than this entire perſon of mine.

VELLUM.

Is your whole eſtate perſonal, Mr. *Tinſel*? —he, he, he!

TINSEL.

Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jeſt, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my ſteward, you muſt learn to walk with your toes out.

VELLUM.

An inſolent companion! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thou'rt confounded rich I ſee, by that dangling of thy arms.

VELLUM.

An ungracious bird! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thou ſhalt lend me a couple of thouſand pounds.

VELLUM.

A very profligate. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you — I'll borrow ſome money of you.

VELLUM.

I cannot but ſmile to conſider the diſappointment this young fellow will meet with; and I will make myſelf merry with him. [*Aſide.*]—And ſo, Mr. *Tinſel*, you promiſe you will be a very kind maſter to me?

[*Stifling a laugh.*]

TINSEL.

What will you give for a life in the houſe you live in?

VELLUM.

What do you think of five hundred pounds?—ha, ha, ha!

TINSEL.

That's too little.

VELLUM.

And yet it is more than I ſhall give——and I will offer you two reaſons for it.

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee what are they?

VELLUM.

Firſt, becauſe the tenement is not in your diſpoſal; and ſecondly, becauſe it never will be in your diſpoſal: and ſo fare you well, good Mr. *Tinſel*. Ha, ha, ha, you will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit* Vellum.

TINSEL.

This rogue is as ſaucy as the conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinſel*, what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great admirers of ſolitude.

TINSEL.

No, faith, I have been talking with thy ſteward; a very groteſque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his converſation?

LADY.

I keep him for my ſteward, and not my companion. He's a ſober man.

TINSEL.

Yes, yes, he looks like a put—a queer old dog, as ever I ſaw in my life: we muſt turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I ſee that.

LADY.

LADY.

Indeed you're miſtaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honeſt man.

TINSEL.

What, I ſuppoſe he goes to church.

LADY.

Goes to church! ſo do you too, I hope.

TINSEL.

I would for once, Widow, to make ſure of you.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, a huſband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promiſes he made there.

TINSEL.

Faith, very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou would'ſt not for the world marry a ſabbath-breaker!

LADY.

Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the Conjurer told you you were ſhort-liv'd.

TINSEL.

The Conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

LADY.

Indeed you're very witty!

TINSEL.]

Indeed you're very handſome. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

LADY.

I wiſh the fool does not love me! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thou art the idol I adore. Here muſt I pay my devotion——Pr'ythee, Widow, haſt thou any timber upon thy eſtate?

LADY.

The moſt impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

I take notice thou haſt a great deal of old plate here in the houſe, Widow.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinſel*, you are a very obſerving man.

TINSEL.

Thy large ſilver ciſtern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen ſalvers that I ſaw on the ſide-board, might be turn'd into ſix as pretty horſes as any that appear in the ring.

LADY.

You have a very good fancy, Mr. *Tinſel*—what pretty tranſformations you could make in my houſe—But I'll ſee where it will end. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Then I obſerve, child, you have two or three ſervices of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

LADY.

I perceive you are an excellent manager———how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods.

TINSEL.

Now hark ye, Widow, to ſhew you the love that I have for you———

LADY.

Very well, let me hear.

TINSEL.

You have an old faſhion'd gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a ſaint upon the lid on't.

LADY.

I have: what then?

TINSEL.

Why look ye, I'd ſell the caudle-cup with the old ſaint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a preſent of it.

LADY.

LADY.

Oh you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, don't diſpoſe of my goods before you are ſure of my perſon. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINSEL.

My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

LADY.

I ſee you do, Sir, you need not make any proteſtations upon that ſubject.

TINSEL.

Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing ſerious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next ſtep to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

LADY.

Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a ſerious ſubject.

TINSEL.

For that very reaſon, my dear, let us get over it as faſt as we can.

LADY.

I ſhould be very much in haſte for a huſband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir *George*'s deceaſe.

TINSEL.

Pray, my dear, let me aſk you a queſtion: Doſt not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at preſent, to all intents and purpoſes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

LADY.

Yes: but decency, Mr. *Tinſel*——

TINSEL.

Or doſt thou think thou'lt be more a widow then than thou art now?

LADY.

The world would ſay I never lov'd my firſt huſband.

TINSEL.

Ah, my dear, they would ſay you lov'd your ſecond; and they would own I deſerv'd it, for I ſhall love thee moſt inordinately.

LADY.

But what would people think?

TINSEL.

Think! why they would think thee the mirrour of widowhood—That a woman ſhould live fourteen whole months after the deceaſe of her ſpouſe, without having engaged herſelf. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's ſecond huſband ſeveral years before the death of the firſt.

LADY.

Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jeſts upon us poor widows.

TINSEL.

I'll tell you a ſtory, widow; I know a certain Lady, who, conſidering the crazineſs of her huſband, had, in caſe of mortality, engaged herſelf to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew ſuch deſperate rivals for her while her huſband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a duel. But the good Lady was no ſooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, ſhe married a third, to whom, it ſeems, ſhe had given her firſt promiſe.

LADY.

And this is a true ſtory upon your own knowledge?

TINSEL.

Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe *Tom Tinſel*.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

TINSEL.

Innocent enough, hey, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

LADY.

LADY.

Yes, Mr. *Tinſel*, the only man I ever loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

TINSEL.

Nay, now you grow vapouriſh; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'ſt the drum by and by.

LADY.

If you had been here laſt night about this time, you would not have been ſo merry.

TINSEL.

About this time, ſay'ſt thou? Come faith, for the humour's ſake, we'll ſit down and liſten.

LADY.

I will, if you'll promiſe to be ſerious.

TINSEL.

Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! doſt not hear him?

LADY.

You break your word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, do you laugh to ſhow your wit or your teeth!

TINSEL.

Why, both! my dear.——I'm glad however, that ſhe has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aſide.*] But you look ſerious, child; I fancy thou hearſt the drum, doſt not?

LADY.

Don't talk ſo raſhly.

TINSEL.

Why, my dear, you could not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer*'s drum-major in your houſe.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinſel*, I muſt deſire to ſee you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

TIN-

TINSEL.

Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of ſpirits, as we were drinking a diſh of tea but juſt now ——There is no ſuch thing, I give thee my word.

LADY.

Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, your authority muſt be of great weight to thoſe that know you.

TINSEL.

For my part, child, I have made myſelf eaſy in thoſe points.

LADY.

Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. (*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

I'll tell thee what now, widow,——I would engage by the help of a white ſheet and a penyworth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their ſenſes, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noiſe is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY.

It beats more terrible than ever.

TINSEL.

'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to ſpeak againſt my conſcience, only to ſhew my parts!

LADY.

It comes nearer and nearer. I wiſh you have not angered it by your fooliſh diſcourſe.

TINSEL.

Indeed, Madam, I did not ſpeak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmleſs rallery.

LADY.

Harmleſs, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

TIN-

TINSEL.

What a devil had I to do with a white ſheet?

[*Scene opens and diſcovers* Fantome.

TINSEL.

Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY.

Oh! 'tis he! 'tis himſelf, 'tis Sir *George!* 'tis my huſband. [*She faints.*

TINSEL.

Now would I give ten thouſand pound that I were in town. [Fantome *advances to him drumming.*

By my ſoul, Sir *George*, I was not in earneſt [*falls on his knees.*] Have compaſſion on my youth, and conſider I am but a coxcomb— [Fantome *points to the door.*] But ſee he waves me off — ay with all my heart — What a devil had I to do with a white ſheet?

(*He ſteals off the ſtage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

FANTOME.

The ſcoundrel is gone, and has left his miſtreſs behind him. I'm miſtaken if he makes love in this houſe any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't queſtion but I ſhall make his reverence ſcamper as faſt as the lover. And then the day's my own. But the ſervants are coming. I muſt get into my cupboard.

(*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAL *and Servants.*

ABIGAL.

O my poor Lady! this wicked drum has frighted Mr. *Tinſel* out of his wits, and my Lady into a ſwoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the freſh air, and ſhe'll recover. (*They carry*

carry her off.] This is a little barbarous to my but 'tis all for her good: and I know her ſo well, ſhe would not be angry with me, if ſhe knew w was to get by it. And if any of her friends ſ blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purſe, and tell 'em
'Twas for a thouſand pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George *in his Conjurer's Habit, the* Butler *marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.*

BUTLER.

AN'T pleaſe your worſhip, Mr. *Conjurer*, the ſteward has given all of us orders to do whatever you ſhall bid us, and pay you the ſame reſpect, as if you were our maſter.

Sir GEORGE.

Thou ſay'ſt well.

GARDINER.

An't pleaſe your conjurer's worſhip, ſhall I ſet the table down here?

Sir GEORGE.

Here, *Peter*.

GARDINER.

Peter!——he knows my name by his learning. [*Aſide*

COACHMAN.

I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largeſt elbow-chair in the houſe; 'tis that the ſteward ſits in when he holds a court.

Sir GEORGE.

Place it there.

BUTLER.

Sir, will you pleaſe to want any thing elſe?

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUTLER.

Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my Lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges—would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

Sir GEORGE.

There is none better.

BUTLER.

Coachman, go fetch the paper and ſtandiſh out of the little parlour.

COACHMAN. [*to the Gardiner.*]

Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—you know I went with you laſt night into the garden, when the Cook-maid wanted a handful of parſley.

BUTLER.

Why, you don't think I'll ſtay with the Conjurer by myſelf!

GARDINER.

Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt ſervants.*

Sir GEORGE, *ſolus.*

There's nothing, I ſee, makes ſuch ſtrong alliances as fear. Theſe fellows are all entered into a confederacy againſt the ghoſt. There muſt be abundance of buſineſs done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought theſe three rogues could have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter Gardiner *with a ſheet of paper*, Coachman *with a Standiſh*, *and* Butler *with a Pen.*

GARDINER.

Sir, there is your paper.

COACH-

COACHMAN.

Sir, there is your ſtandiſh.

BUTLER.

Sir, there is your crow-quill pen — I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aſide.*

GARDINER.

He forgets that he's to make a circle [*Aſide.*]——— Doctor, ſhall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir GEORGE.

It is no matter.

BUTLER.

Look ye, Sir, I ſhowed you the ſpot where he's heard ofteneſt, if your worſhip can but ferret him out of that old wall in that next room———

Sir GEORGE.

We ſhall try.

GARDINER.

That's right, *John*. His worſhip muſt let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUTLER.

Sir, if I was worthy to adviſe you, I would have a bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I ſet a cup of old ſtingo at your elbow?

Sir GEORGE.

I thank thee—we ſhall do without it.

GARDINER.

John, he ſeems a very good-natured man for a conjurer.

BUTLER.

I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have loſt. I fancy, whilſt he is in my Lady's pay, one may hedge in a queſtion or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

Sir GEORGE.

What wouldſt thou?

BUT-

BUTLER.

Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I loſt one of my ſilver ſpoons laſt week.

Sir GEORGE.

Marked with a ſwan's neck———

BUTLER.

My Lady's creſt! He knows every thing. [*Aſide.*] How would your worſhip adviſe me to recover it again?

Sir GEORGE.

Hum!

BUTLER.

What muſt I do to come at it?

Sir GEORGE.

Drink nothing but ſmall-beer for a fortnight———

BUTLER.

Small-beer! Rot-gut!

Sir GEORGE.

If thou drink'ſt a ſingle drop of ale before fifteen days are expired—it is as much—as thy ſpoon—is worth.

BUTLER.

I ſhall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aſide.*

COACHMAN.

D'ye mind how they whiſper?

GARDINER.

I'll be hang'd if he be not aſking him ſomething about *Nell.*

COACHMAN.

I'll take this opportunity of putting a queſtion to him about poor *Dobbin*: I fancy he could give me better counſel than the farrier.

BUTLER. [*to the Gardiner.*]

A prodigious man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find thy pick-ax.

GARDINER.

I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his hand croſſed with ſilver?

COACH-

COACHMAN. [*to* Sir George.]
Sir, may a man venture to aſk you a queſtion?

Sir GEORGE.
Aſk it.

COACHMAN.
I have a poor horſe in the ſtable that's bewitched—

Sir GEORGE.
A bay gelding.

COACHMAN.
How could he know that? (*Aſide.*

Sir GEORGE.
Bought at *Banbury*.

COACHMAN.
Whew—ſo it was o' my conſcience. (*Whiſtles.*

Sir GEORGE.
Six years old laſt *Lammas*.

COACHMAN.
To a day. (*Aſide.*) Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor beaſt is bewitched by goody *Crouch* or goody *Flye*?

Sir GEORGE.
Neither.

COACHMAN.
Then it muſt be goody *Gurton*? for ſhe is the next old woman in the pariſh.

GARDINER.
Haſt thou done, *Robin*?

COACHMAN. (*to the Gardiner.*)
He can tell thee any thing.

GARDINER. (*to* Sir George.)
Sir I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing—

Sir GEORGE.
Speak.

GARDINER.
The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the ſame time with a certain perſon.

Sir

Sir GEORGE.

A woman.

GARDINER.

How could he know that? (*Aſide.*

Sir GEORGE.

Go on.

GARDINER.

This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir GEORGE.

Twins.

GARDINER.

Prodigious! where could he hear that? (*Aſide.*

Sir GEORGE.

Proceed.

GARDINER.

Now, becauſe I uſed to meet her ſometimes in the garden, ſhe has paid him both——

Sir GEORGE.

To thee.

GARDINER.

What a power of learning he muſt have! he knows every thing. (*Aſide.*

Sir GEORGE.

Haſt thou done?

GARDINER.

I would deſire to know whether I am really father to them both?

Sir GEORGE.

Stand before me; let me ſurvey thee round.

[*Lays his hand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

COACHMAN.

Look yonder, *John*, the ſilly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been ſaucy to him, we ſhall ſee him puffed off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir GEORGE.

Twins, doſt thou ſay? (*Still turning him.*

GAR-

GARDINER.

Ay; are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir GEORGE.

Own but one of them.

GARDINER.

Ah, but Mrs. *Abigal* will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler—if my poor maſter Sir *George* had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

Sir GEORGE.

What, was Sir *George* a kind maſter?

GARDINER.

Was he! ay, my fellow-ſervants will bear me witneſs.

Sir GEORGE.

Did you love Sir *George*?

BUTLER.

Every body loved him———

COACHMAN.

There was not a dry eye in the pariſh at the news of his death.

GARDINER.

He was the beſt neighbour———

BUTLER.

The kindeſt huſband———

COACHMAN.

The trueſt friend to the poor———

BUTLER.

My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her—!

Sir GEORGE.

I proteſt—theſe fellows melt me! I think the time long until I am their maſter again, that I may be kind to them.

Enter

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Have you provided the Doctor every thing he has occaſion for? if ſo—you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir GEORGE.

I can as yet ſee no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but ſtill have ſome certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I muſt take the advantage of my diſguiſe to be thoroughly ſatisfied. It would neither be for her happineſs, nor mine, to make myſelf known to her till I am ſo [*Aſide.*]—Dear *Vellum!* I am impatient to hear ſome news of my wife, how does ſhe after her fright?

VELLUM.

It is a ſaying ſome where in my Lord *Coke*, that a widow———

Sir GEORGE.

I aſk of my wife, and thou talk'ſt to me of my Lord *Coke* — pr'ythee tell me how ſhe does, for I am in pain for her.

VELLUM.

She is pretty well recovered, Mrs. *Abigal* has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your ſkill.

Sir GEORGE.

That I think cannot fail, ſince thou haſt got this ſecret out of *Abigal*. But I could not have thought my friend *Fantome* would have ſerved me thus———

VELLUM.

You will ſtill fancy you are a living man—

Sir GEORGE.

That he ſhould endeavour to enſnare my wife—

VELLUM.

You have no right in her, after your demiſe: Death

extin-

extinguiſhes all property,—*Quoad hanc*—it is a maxim in the law.

Sir GEORGE.

A pox on your learning! well, but what's become of *Tinſel?*

VELLUM.

He ruſhed out of the houſe, called for his horſe, clapped ſpurs to his ſides, and was out of ſight in leſs time than I — can — tell —— ten.

Sir GEORGE.

This is whimſical enough! my wife will have a quick ſucceſſion of lovers, in one day — *Fantome* has driven out *Tinſel*, and I ſhall drive out *Fantome*.

VELLUM.

Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you muſt pardon me for being jocular.

Sir GEORGE.

Was there ever ſuch a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. [*Aſide.*] Well! I muſt have ſatisfaction of this traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my houſe, in a manner that ſhall throw ſhame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.——————You muſt remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of buſineſs upon your hands, and I have but juſt time to tell it you over; all I require of you is diſpatch, therefore hear me.

VELLUM.

There is nothing more requiſite in buſineſs than diſpatch——————

Sir GEORGE.

Then hear me.

VELLUM.

It is indeed the life of buſineſs—

Sir GEORGE.

Hear me then, I ſay.

VEL-

VELLUM.

And as one has rightly obſerved, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. Firſt———

Sir GEORGE.

There is no bearing this! thou art a going to deſcribe diſpatch, when thou ſhould'ſt be practiſing it.

VELLUM.

But your Ho--nour will not give me the hearing—

Sir GEORGE.

Thou wilt not give me the hearing— [*Angrily.*

VELLUM.

I am ſtill.

Sir GEORGE.

In the firſt place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and ſword, ready for me in the cloſet, and one of my ſcarlet coats. You know how *Abigal* has deſcribed the ghoſt to you.

VELLUM.

It ſhall be done.

Sir GEORGE.

Then you muſt remember, whilſt I am laying this ghoſt, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real huſband; tell her the whole ſtory, and do it with all the art you are maſter of, that the ſurpriſe may not be too great for her.

VELLUM.

It ſhall be done—but ſince her Ho--nour has ſeen this apparition, ſhe deſires to ſee you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir GEORGE.

I ſhall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue *Tinſel*. I hope thou haſt not told *Abigal* any thing of the ſecret.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* is a woman; there are many reaſons why

why ſhe ſhould not be acquainted with it; I ſhall only mention ſix——

Sir *GEORGE.*

Huſh, here ſhe comes! oh my heart!

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAL.

Sir *GEORGE.*

[*Aſide, while* Vellum *talks in dumb ſhow to Lady.*] O that lov'd woman! how I long to take her into my arms! if I find I am ſtill dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I muſt take care of indulging this tenderneſs, and put on a behaviour more ſuitable to my preſent character.

[*Walks at a diſtance, in a penſive poſture, waving his wand.*

LADY. [*To* Vellum.]

This is ſurprizing indeed! ſo all the ſervants tell me; they ſay he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

ABIGAL. [*Aſide.*]

A parcel of credulous fools! they firſt tell him their ſecrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond looks with* Abigal.

LADY.

Learned Sir, may I have ſome converſation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir *GEORGE.*

Speak! but hold—firſt let me feel your pulſe.

LADY.

What can you learn from that?

Sir *GEORGE.*

I have already learnt a ſecret from it, that will aſtoniſh you.

LADY.

Pray, what is it?

Sir *GEORGE.*

You will have a huſband within this half hour.

ABIGAL. [*Aſide.*]

I'm glad to hear that—he muſt mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a great deal of truth in his art.

LADY.

Alas! I fear you mean I ſhall ſee Sir *George*'s apparition a ſecond time.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Have courage, you ſhall ſee the apparition no more. The huſband I mention ſhall be as much alive as I am.

ABIGAL.

Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Impoſſible! I lov'd my firſt too well.

Sir *GEORGE.*

You could not love the firſt better than you will love the ſecond.

ABIGAL. [*Aſide.*]

I'll be hang'd if my dear ſteward has not inſtructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure; the thouſand pound is our own!

LADY.

Alas! you did not know Sir *George.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

As well as I do myſelf—I ſaw him with you in the red damaſk room, when he firſt made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a viſit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her return from *London.*

LADY.

This is aſtoniſhing!

Sir *GEORGE.*

You were a great admirer of a ſingle life for the firſt half hour; your refuſals then grew ſtill fainter and fainter. With what ecſyaſy did Sir *George* kiſs your hands, when you told him you ſhould always follow the advice of your *Mamma!*

LADY.

LADY.

Every circumſtance to a tittle?

Sir *GEORGE.*

Then, Lady! the wedding night! I ſaw you in your white ſattin night-gown; you would not come out of your dreſſing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand——you ſtruggled—but he was too ſtrong for you—you bluſh'd, he——

LADY.

Oh! ſtop there! go no further!—he knows every thing. [*Aſide.*

ABIGAL.

Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Mrs. *Abigal*, you know what your good word coſt Sir *George*, a purſe of broad pieces, Mrs. *Abigal.*

ABIGAL.

The devil's in him. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, ſince you have told ſo far, you ſhould tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir *GEORGE.*

'Tis true, child, he was forc'd to thruſt them into your boſom.

ABIGAL.

This rogue will mention the thouſand pound, if I don't take care. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, though you are a Conjurer, methinks you need not be a Blab.——

LADY.

Sir, ſince I have no reaſon to doubt of your art, I muſt beſeech you to treat this apparition gently——it has the reſemblance of my deceas'd huſband; if there be any undiſcover'd ſecret, any thing that troubles his reſt, learn it of him.

Sir *GEORGE.*

I muſt to that end be ſincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the addreſſes of many lovers ſince his death?

LADY.

I have been obliged to receive more viſits than have been agreeable.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Was not *Tinſel* welcome?—I'm afraid to hear an anſwer to my own queſtion. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

He was well recommended.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Racks! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Of a good family.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Tortures! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Heir to a conſiderable eſtate!

Sir *GEORGE.*

Death! [*Aſide.*] And you ſtill love him?——I'm diſtracted! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

No, I deſpiſe him. I found he had a deſign upon my fortune, was baſe, profligate, cowardly, and ev'ry thing that could be expected from a man of the vileſt principles!——

Sir *GEORGE.*

I'm recover'd. [*Aſide.*

ABIGAL.

Oh, Madam, had you ſeen how like a ſcoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyſhip in a ſwoon.... Where have you left my Lady? ſays I. In an elbow-chair, child, ſays he: And where are you going? ſays I. To

town,

town, child, ſays he: For to tell thee truly, child, ſays he, I don't care for living under the ſame roof with the Devil, ſays he.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Well, Lady, I ſee nothing in all this that may hinder Sir *George*'s ſpirit from being at reſt.

LADY.

If he knows any thing of what paſſes in my heart, he cannot but be ſatisfied of that fondneſs which I bear to his memory. My ſorrow for him is always freſh when I think of him. He was the kindeſt, trueſt, tendereſt—Tears will not let me go on———

Sir *GEORGE.*

This quite overpowers me—I ſhall diſcover myſelf before my time. [*Aſide.*] ——Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myſelf.

LADY.

Succeſs attend you!

ABIGAL.

I wiſh Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigal.

Sir GEORGE *ſolus.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

My heart is now at eaſe, ſhe is the ſame dear woman I left her——now for my revenge upon *Fantome*.———I ſhall cut the ceremonies ſhort——a few words will do his buſineſs——now let me ſeat myſelf in form——a good eaſy-chair for a Conjurer this!——now for a few mathematical ſcratches—a good lucky ſcrawl, that—faith I think it looks very aſtrological—theſe two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjurer's ſcheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, Sir, are

you there? [*Enter Drmuer.*] Now I muſt pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating the Drum.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

Pr'ythee, don't make a noiſe, I'm buſy. [Fantome *beats.* A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir *GEORGE* [*Riſing.*]

Ha! You're very perfect in the ſtep of a ghoſt. You ſtalk it majeſtically. [Fantome *advances.*

How the rogue ſtares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hang'd if he has not been practiſing this half hour in Mrs. *Abigal*'s wardrobe.

[Fantome *ſtares, gives a rap upon his Drum.*

Pr'ythee don't play the fool! [Fantome *beats.*

Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. *Fantome.*

FANTOME. [*Aſide.*]

Death! I'm diſcover'd. This jade *Abigal* has betray'd me.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Mr. *Fantome*, upon the word of an aſtrologer, your thouſand pound bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman.*

FANTOME.

'Tis plain, ſhe has told him all. [*Aſide.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

Let me adviſe you to make off as faſt as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. *Ghoſt* will have his bones broke.

FANTOME. [*to Sir* George.]

Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this ſecret from Mrs. *Abigal.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

I have learnt it from my art.

FAN-

FANTOME.

Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counſel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces——

Sir *GEORGE.*

I am not mercenary! young man, I ſcorn thy gold.

FANTOME.

I'll make them up twenty.

Sir *GEORGE*

Avant! and that quickly, or I'll raiſe ſuch an apparition, as ſhall——

FANTOME.

An apparition, old gentleman! you miſtake your man, I am not to be frighted with bugbears——

Sir *GEORGE.*

Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee ſuch a proof of my art——

FANTOME.

Why, if thou haſt any *Hocus pocus* tricks to play, why canſt not do them here?

Sir *GEORGE.*

The raiſing of a ſpirit, requires certain ſecret myſteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private——

FANTOME.

Well, if I ſee through your trick, you will promiſe to be my friend.

Sir *GEORGE.*

I will—attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

FANTOME *ſolus.*

FANTOME.

A very ſolemn old aſs! but I ſmoke him,—he has a mind to raiſe his price upon me. I could not think this ſlut would have us'd me thus—I begin to be horribly

tired of my drum, I wiſh I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinſel* for good and all; I ſhan't have the mortification to ſee my miſtreſs carried off by ſuch a rival. Well, whatever happens, I muſt ſtop this old fellow's mouth, I muſt not be ſparing in huſh-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir GEORGE *in his own habit.*

FANTOME.

Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman!* This can be no counterfeit. His dreſs! his ſhape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! nay, then 'tis time to decamp! *Runs off.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

Ha, ha, ha, fare you well, good Sir *George*——the enemy has left me maſter of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAL.

Sir George *ſtands with his hand before his face in a muſing poſture.*

ABIGAL.

Yonder he is. O my conſcience, he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thouſand pounds now? Why does not the man ſpeak? [*Pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Sir *GEORGE.*

Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

ABIGAL.

Oh! 'tis my maſter! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

Sir

Sir *GEORGE.*

Good Mrs. *Abigal*, not ſo faſt.

ABIGAL.

Are you alive, Sir?—He has given my ſhoulder ſuch a curſed tweak! They muſt be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm ſure.

Sir *GEORGE.*

What doſt think?

ABIGAL.

Think, Sir, think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir *GEORGE.*

No queſtions, good *Abigal.* Thy curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

ABIGAL,

Oh, I am ſo frighted—and ſo glad!——

Sir *GEORGE.*

Where's your Lady, I aſk you—

ABIGAL.

Marry I don't know where I am myſelf———I can't forbear weeping for joy——

Sir *GEORGE.*

Your Lady! I ſay your Lady! I muſt bring you to yourſelf with one pinch more—

ABIGAL.

Oh! ſhe has been talking a good while with the ſteward.

Sir *GEORGE.*

Then he has opened the whole ſtory to her, I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter LADY *followed by* VELLUM.

LADY.

Where is he! let me fly into his arms! my life! my ſoul! my huſband!

Sir *GEORGE.*

Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

LADY.

Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! now am I happy indeed!

Sir *GEORGE.*

My heart is too full to answer thee.

LADY.

How could you be so cruel to desire giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? you have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir *GEORGE.*

It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixt. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

LADY.

I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

Sir *GEORGE.*

And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death, to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

LADY.

Was ever woman so bless! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir *GEORGE.*

May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter

Enter SERVANTS.

BUTLER.

Juſt as the ſteward told us, lads! look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already!

GARDINER.

He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam!

COACHMAN.

As I was coming in at the gate, a ſtrange gentleman whiſked by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not ſee maſter before me, I ſhould have ſworn it was his honour.

GARDINER.

Ha'ſt given orders for the bells to be ſet a ringing?

COACHMAN.

Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir *GEORGE* [*to* Lady.]

My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole ſtory, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feaſting in my houſe. My poor neighbours and my ſervants ſhall rejoice with me. My hall ſhall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUTLER.

Ah! bleſs your honour, may you never die again!

COACHMAN.

The ſame good man that ever he was!

GARDINER.

Whurra!

Sir *GEORGE.*

Vellum, thou haſt done me much ſervice to-day. I know thou lov'ſt *Abigal*, but ſhe's diſappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thouſand pound with her. It is not fit there ſhould be one ſad heart in my houſe to-night.

LADY

LADY.

What you do for *Abigal*, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new inſtance of your love.

ABIGAL.

Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well ſpoken man: Pray do you thank my maſter and my Lady,

Sir *GEORGE.*

Vellum, I hope you are not diſpleaſed with the gift I make.

VELLUM.

The gift is two-fold. I receive from you
The virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wiſe, I thank the donors:
And ſo we bid good-night to both your honours.

THE

THE

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs OLDFIELD.

TO-night the poet's advocate I ſtand,
And he deſerves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage their cauſe debating
Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the firſt ſhou'd from their duty ſwerve.
There's one behind the wainſcot in reſerve.
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas ſpoke like an obliging creature,
For tho', 'tis ſimple, yet it ſhews good nature.
My help thus aſk'd, I cou'd not chooſe but grant it,
And really I thought the play wou'd want it.
Void as it is of all the uſual arts
To warm your fancies, and to ſteal your hearts:
No court-intrigue, no city-cukoldom,
No ſong, no dance, no muſic——but a drum——
No ſmutty thought in doubtful phraſe expreſt;
And, gentlemen, if ſo, pray where's the jeſt?
When we wou'd raiſe your mirth, you hardly know
Whether in ſtrictneſs you ſhou'd laugh or no,

But

But turn upon the Ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are ſure 'tis wit.
Protect him, then, ye fair-ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who, of blameleſs carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a ſecond marriage;
And to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights.
Nay, to oblige the ſex in every ſtate,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
Too long has marriage, in this taſteleſs age,
With ill-bred raillery ſupply'd the ſtage;
No little ſcribbler is of wit ſo bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair;
Our author deals not in conceits ſo ſtale:
For ſhould th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need bluſh, tho' true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jeſt though he ſhou'd love his ſpouſe.
Thus he has done you *Britiſh* conſorts right,
Whoſe huſbands, ſhould they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct ſlipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

THE

THE LATE

TRIAL

AND

CONVICTION

OF

Count TARIFF:

THE LATE

Trial and Conviction

OF

Count TARIFF.

THE whole nation is at preſent very inquiſitive after the proceedings in the cauſe of goodman *Fact*, plaintiff, and Count *Tariff*, defendant; as it was tried on the eighteenth of *June*, in the thirteenth year of her Majeſty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I ſhall therefore give my countrymen a ſhort and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, muſt in the firſt place premiſe ſome particulars relating to the perſon and character of the ſaid goodman *Fact*.

Goodman *Fact* is allowed by all to be a plain ſpoken perſon, and a man of a very few words. Tropes and figures are his averſion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all manner of ceremony and complaiſance. He flatters no body. Yet ſo great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the fineſt orator, and deſtroys the beſt contrived argument, as ſoon as ever he gets himſelf to be heard. He never applies to the paſſions or prejudices of his audience: When they liſten with atteation and honeſt minds, he never fails of carrying

carrying his point. He appeared in a ſuit of *Engliſh* broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was ſubſtantial, honeſt, home-ſpun ware. His cane indeed came from the *Eaſt-Indies*, and two or three ſuperfluities from *Turkey*, and other parts. It is ſaid, that he encouraged himſelf with a bottle of neat Port, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the court by ſeveral thouſands of 'Weavers, Clothiers, 'Fullers, Dyers, Packers, Calenders, Setters, Silk-men, 'Spinners, Dreſſers, Whitſters, Winders, Mercers, 'Throwſters, Sugar-bakers, Diſtillers, Drapers, Hoſi-'ers, Planters, Merchants, and Fiſhermen;' who all unanimouſly declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend *Fact* did not gain his cauſe.

Every body was over-joy'd to hear that the good man was come to town. He no ſooner made his appearance in court, but ſeveral of his friends fell weeping at the ſight of him: For indeed he had not been ſeen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited againſt Count *Tariff* was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the ſaid Count had given in falſe and fraudulent reports in the name of the plaintiff.

II. That the ſaid Count had tampered with the ſaid plaintiff, and made uſe of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the ſaid Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the ſaid plaintiff, having miſrepreſented him in many cunningly deviſed ſpeeches, as a perſon in the *French* intereſt.

IV. That the ſaid Count had averred in the preſence of above five hundred perſons, that he had heard the plaintiff ſpeak in derogation of the *Portugueſe*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*,

Italians, *Hollanders*, and others; who were the perſons whom the ſaid plaintiff had always favoured in his diſcourſe, and whom he ſhould always continue to favour.

V. That the ſaid Count had given a very diſadvantageous relation of the three great farms, which had long flouriſhed under the care and ſuperintendency of the plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the ſaid farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of ſtrangers. That he would have leſſened and deſtroyed the produce of the ſaid farms.

That by theſe and many other wicked devices he would have ſtarved many honeſt day-labourers; have impoveriſhed the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, *&c.*

VII. That the ſaid Count had either ſunk or miſſaid ſeveral books, papers, and receipts, by which the plaintiff might ſooner have found means to vindicate himſelf from ſuch calumnies, aſperſions, and miſrepreſentations.

In all theſe particulars goodman *Fact* was very ſhort but pithy: For, as I ſaid before, he was a plain, homeſpun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther ſo much of the quaker in him, that he never ſwore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was obſerved that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the plaintiff all the while he was ſpeaking: But though he was not ſo impudent as the Count, he was every whit as ſturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to ſpeak, old *Fact* ſo ſtared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often ſtruck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his diſcourſe.

More witneſſes appeared on this occaſion to atteſt goodman *Fact*'s veracity, than ever were ſeen in a court

of

of juſtice. His cauſe was pleaded by the ableſt men in the kingdom; among whom was a gentleman of *Suffolk*, who did him ſignal ſervice.

Count *Tariff* appeared juſt the reverſe of goodman *Fact*. He was dreſſed in a fine brocade waiſtcoat, curiouſly embroidered with flower-de-luces. He wore alſo a broad-brimmed hat, a ſhoulder-knot, and a pair of ſilver-clocked ſtockings. His ſpeeches were accompanied with much geſture and grimace. He abounded in empty phraſes, ſuperficial flouriſhes, violent aſſertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* aſſurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would moſt certainly have carried his cauſe, had he dealt with any one antagoniſt in the world beſides goodman *Fact*.

The Count being called upon to anſwer to the charge which had been made againſt him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, *viz.* by railing and calling names.

He, in the firſt place, accuſed his adverſary of *Scandalum Magnatum*, and of ſpeaking againſt his ſuperiors with ſaucineſs and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at court, he was a little ſtartled at this accuſation, until at length he made it appear, that it was impoſſible for any of his family to be either ſaucy or cringing, for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the court, that is, TO SPEAK THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The Count in the next place aſſured the court, that his antagoniſt had taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not FACT but FACTION. The Court was ſo pleaſed with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every ſentence; calling his antagoniſt's aſſertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the ſons of faction; the teſtimonies of witneſſes, the dictates of faction: Nay, with ſuch a degree of impudence did he puſh this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread,

bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a ſtarving multitude, the CLAMOURS OF FACTION.

As ſoon as the Count was driven out of this devicet he affirmed roundly in the court, that FACT was not an *Engliſhman* by birth, but that he was of *Dutch* extraction, and born in *Holland*. In conſequence of this aſſertion, he began to rally the poor plaintiff, under the title of MYNHEER VAN FACT; which took pretty well with the ſimpletons of his party, but the men of ſenſe did not think the jeſt worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finiſhed his ſpeech, he deſired leave to call in his witneſſes, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat down over his eyes in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible to ſee his face. He ſpoke in the ſpirit, nay, in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his aſſertions. Being aſked his name; he ſaid the world called him MERCATOR; but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reaſons he was obliged to conceal. The court found him ſuch a falſe, ſhuffling, prevaricating raſcal, that they ſet him aſide as a perſon unqualified to give his teſtimony in a court of juſtice; adviſing him at the ſame time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering ſuch notorious falſhoods as he had then publiſhed. The witneſs however perſiſted in his contumacy, telling them that he was ſorry to find, that notwithſtanding what he had ſaid, they were reſolved to be as arrant fools as their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witneſs, who ſpoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff*. This was a tall, black, bluſtering perſon, dreſſed in a *Spaniſh* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Gollilio* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* ſticking out by his ſide; his garments were ſo covered with tinſel and ſpangles, that at a diſtance he ſeemed to be made up of ſilver and gold.

He

He called himſelf DON ASSIENTO, and mentioned ſeveral nations that had ſought his friendſhip; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into theſe parts to enrich every one that heard him. The court was at firſt very well pleaſed with his figure, and the promiſes he made them; but upon examination, found him a true *Spaniard*: nothing but ſhew and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithſtanding the boaſts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon caſting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his eſtate, he was worſe than nothing.

There appeared another witneſs in favour of the Count, who ſpoke with ſo much violence and warmth, that the court began to liſten to him very attentively; until upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the Poſt, being kept in pay, to give his teſtimony on all occaſions where it was wanted. This was the EXAMINER; a perſon who had abuſed almoſt every man in *England*, that deſerved well of his country. He called goodman *Fact* a lyar, a ſeditious perſon, a traitor, and a rebel; and ſo much incenſed the honeſt man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that ſo foul-mouthed a witneſs never appeared in any cauſe. Seeing ſeveral perſons of great eminence, who had maintained the cauſe of goodman *Fact*, he called them idiots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheiſts, apoſtates, fiends and devils; never did man ſhow ſo much eloquence in ribaldry. The court was at length ſo juſtly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who ſpared no age, nor ſex, nor profeſſion, which had ſhown any friendſhip or inclination for the plaintiff, that ſeveral began to whiſper to one another, it was high time to bring him to puniſhment. But the witneſs over-hearing the word *pillory* repeated twice or thrice, ſlunk away privately, and hid himſelf among the people.

After

After full hearing on both ſides, Count *Tariff* was caſt, and goodman *Fact* got his cauſe; but the court ſitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him coſts, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honeſt man immediately retired, after having aſſured his friends, that at any time when the Count ſhould appear on the like occaſion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their aſſiſtance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy goodman *Fact*'s ſucceſs created in the City of *London*; there was nothing to be ſeen or heard the next day, but ſhaking of hands, congratulations, reflexions on the danger they had eſcaped; and gratitude to thoſe who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonſtrations of joy.

THE

THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

VOL. II.

THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

N° 1. Thurſday, September 14, 1710.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, & cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit.———

THE deſign of this work is to cenſure the writings of others, and to give all perſons a rehearing, who have ſuffered under any unjuſt ſentence of the *Examiner*. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly intitled the *Executioner*: At leaſt his Examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a critic that has diſcovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his buſineſs to laſh the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himſelf; as the hangman is generally a worſe malefactor, than the criminal that ſuffers by his hand. To prove what I ſay, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made on Dr. *Garth*'s Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them: To begin with the firſt: Did ever any advocate for a party open with ſuch an unfortunate aſſertion? 'The collective 'body of the Whigs have already engroſſed our riches:'

That is, in plain *Engliſh*, the Whigs are poſſeſſed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for theſe ſix weeks? Is there any thing more reaſonable, than thoſe who have all the riches of the nation in their poſſeſſion, or if he likes his own phraſe better, as indeed I think it is ſtronger, that thoſe who have already engroſſed our riches, ſhould have the management of our public treaſure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: 'Their re-'preſentative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a 'monopoly of our ſenſe.' Well, but what does all this end in? If the Author means any thing it is this, That to prevent ſuch a monopoly of ſenſe, he is reſolved to deal in it himſelf by retail, and ſell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is ſuch a ſhocking familiarity both in his ralleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has ſo much of the pedant, and ſo little of the converſation of men in it, that I ſhall paſs it over, and haſten to the riddles, which are as follow.

The RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monſter, that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtile riddles ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus was reſolv'd to go,
And try what ſtrength of parts could do.
Says *Sphinx*, On this depends your fate:
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, ſaid he, who weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow creature,

Upo[n]

Upon all four: As years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts the ſtick.
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam *Sphinx*,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

The firſt part of this little myſtical poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himſelf the trouble of explaining it: But as for the expoſition of the ſecond, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he ſolves, as our forefathers have done for theſe two thouſand years; and not according to *Rabelais*, who gives another reaſon why a man is ſaid to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the ſecond riddle: What creature, ſays he, is it that firſt uſes four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loſes one leg, then gets two legs, and at laſt runs away upon four legs? Were I diſpoſed to be ſplenetic, I ſhould aſk if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles 'ſo wild, ſo childiſh, or ſo flat:' But though I dare not go ſo far as that, I ſhall take upon me to ſay, that the Author has ſtolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs ſat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and ſnatched away one leg; up ſtarted two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that

can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously with my reader than the above-mentioned enigmatiſt has done, I ſhall preſent him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly ſuited to the words of it. One leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a ſervant-maid, three legs is a joint-ſtool, which in the *Sphinx*'s country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the expoſition of our firſt and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you pleaſe, endeavour to find out the meaning of our ſecond, which is thus in the Author's words:

What ſtranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

This riddle, as the poet tells us, was propoſed by *Oedipus* to the *Sphinx*, after he had given his ſolution to that which the *Sphinx*, had propoſed to him. This *Oedipus*, you muſt underſtand, though the people did not believe it, was ſon to a King of *Thebes*, and bore a particular grudge to the Treaſurer of that kingdom; which made him ſo bitter upon *H. L.* in this enigma.

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being 'weak by nature,' as he admirably expreſſes it, could not walk as ſoon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white ſtaff in Queen *Jocaſta*'s court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now it ſo happened that the treaſurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, 'Then loſes one —' Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good ſucceſs,

What

What ſtranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one.——

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I muſt confeſs has kept me awake for theſe three nights;

——Then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

I at laſt thought the Treaſurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and ſo ran away on four legs, *viz.* two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature conſideration do find that the words (Then gets two more) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verſe, and to ſignify nothing; and that Runs, in the next line, ſhould be Rides. I ſhall therefore reſtore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itſelf.

Oedipus ſpeaks:

Now in your turn, 'tis juſt methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam *Sphinx*,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſe one, 'then gains two more,'
And rides away at laſt on four?

I muſt now inform the reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, ſo that it was eaſy for a man to ride out of its dominions on horſeback, an advantage that a *Britiſh* Stateſman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he muſt do it 'in an open boat;' for to ſay of an *Engliſhman* in this ſenſe, that he runs away on all four, would

be as abſurd as to ſay, he clapped ſpurs to his horſe at St. *James*'s gate, and galloped away to the *Hague*.

Before I take my farewel of this ſubject, I ſhall adviſe the Author for the future to ſpeak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known ſubject: Where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syrſca*'s ladle was loſt in one hole, and *Hans Carvel*'s finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting, but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he muſt conſider that his jeſt is loſt to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the ſecret. This is making darker ſatires than ever *Perſius* did. After this curſory view of the *Examiner*'s performance, let us conſider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of rallery which he paſſes upon the Doctor's conſidering the Treaſurer in ſeveral different views, is that which might fall upon any poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diverſity of thoughts and alluſions: And though it may appear a pleaſant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundleſs and unjuſt. I do likewiſe diſſent with the *Examiner*, upon the phraſes of 'paſſions being poiſed,' and at the 'retrieving merit 'from dependence,' which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the ſame cavilling ſpirit that finds fault with that expreſſion of the 'pomp of peace among the woes 'of war,' as well as of 'offering unaſked.' As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I muſt confeſs they have been formerly uſed to repreſent the fate of raſh ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author ſhould deprive us of thoſe particular ſimilies for the future. The next criticiſm upon the ſtars, ſeems introduced for no other reaſon but to mention Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuſe. But I ſhall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itſelf up to the ſize of an ox:

—Non

——Non ſi te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris——

The alluſion to the victim may be a gallimatia in *French* politics, but it is an apt and noble alluſion to a true *Engliſh* ſpirit. And as for the *Examiner*'s remarks on the word bleed (though a man would laugh to ſee impotent malice ſo little able to contain itſelf) one cannot but obſerve in them the temper of the banditti whom he mentions in the ſame paper, who always murder where they rob. The laſt obſervation is upon the line, 'Ingratitude's a weed of every clime.' Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor for having called that the weed, which *Dryden* only terms the growth, of every clime. But for God-ſake, why ſo much tenderneſs for ingratitude?

But I ſhall ſay no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent aſſertions muſt paſs for arguments: And I do not queſtion but the ſame, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Diſpenſary* was no Poet, will very ſuddenly undertake to ſhew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

Nº 2. Thurſday, September 21.

——Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares—— Virg.

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarles* have paſſed through ſeveral editions, and pleaſe as many readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotſon*. The *Examiner* had not written two half ſheets of paper before he met with one that was aſtoniſhed at 'the 'force he was maſter of,' and approaches him with awe,

when he mentions ſtate-ſubjects, as 'incroaching on the 'province that belongs to him,' and treating of things 'that deſerved to paſs under his pen.' The ſame humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furniſh mankind with an 'Antidote to the poiſon that is ſcattered through 'the nation.' This crying up of the *Examiner*'s antidote, puts me in mind of the firſt appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the ſtreets of *Paris*. A little boy walked before him, publiſhing, with a ſhrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes ſortes de maladies.*, 'My father cures all ſorts of diſtempers:' To which the Doctor who walked behind him, added in grave and compoſed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, 'The child ſays true.'

That the reader may ſee what party the Author of this letter is of, I ſhall ſhew how he ſpeaks of the *French* King and the Duke of *Anjou*, and how of our greateſt allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. 'In the mean while the *French* King has withdrawn his 'troops from *Spain*, and has put it out of his power to 'reſtore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough 'really to deſire to do it. The Duke of *Anjou* has had 'leiſure to take off thoſe whom he ſuſpected, to confirm 'his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increaſe and form 'his troops, and above all, to rouſe that ſpirit in the *Spaniſh* nation, which a ſucceſſion of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled aſleep. From hence it appears probable 'enough, that if the war continue much longer on the 'preſent foot, inſtead of regaining *Spain*, we ſhall find 'the Duke of *Anjou* in a condition to pay the debt of 'gratitude, and ſupport the grandfather in his declining 'years; by whoſe arms, in the days of his infancy, he 'was upheld.' What expreſſions of tenderneſs, duty and ſubmiſſion! the panegyric on the Duke of *Anjou*, is by much the beſt written part of this whole letter; the apology for the *French* King, is indeed the ſame which the *Poſt-boy* has often made, but worded with the greater deference and reſpect to that great Prince. There are many ſtrokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in ſeveral parts of this

his notable epiſtle; I ſhall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the Staes-General, and the Emperor, expreſſed for the miniſtry by their humble applications to her Majeſty in theſe words.

'Not daunted yet, they reſolve to try a new expedient, and the intereſt of *Europe* is to be repreſented as inſeparable from that of the miniſters.

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod uſquam eſt;
Flectere ſi nequeunt ſuperos, Acheronta movebunt.

'The members of the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the court of *Vienna*, are called in as confederates to the miniſtry.' This, in the mildeſt *Engliſh* it will bear, runs thus. 'They are reſolved to look for help where-ever 'they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, 'they will go to hell for it;' That is, to the members of the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the court of *Vienna*. The *French* King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning *Engliſhman*; but I am very much ſurpriſed to ſee the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the court of *Vienna*, in ſuch company. We may ſtill ſee the Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country; ſpeaking of the General, 'the quondam Treaſurer, and the junto,' which every one knows comprehends the Whigs, in their utmoſt extent; he adds in oppoſition to them, 'For the Queen and the whole 'body of the *Britiſh* nation,'——

Nos ſumerus ſumus.

In *Engliſh*,

'We are Cyphers'.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the *Britiſh* nation, I leave to any one's judging: And wonder how an Author can be ſo diſreſpectful to her Majeſty, as to ſeparate her in ſo ſaucy a manner from that

that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himſelf, 'have engroſſed the riches of the nation;' and all this to join to her, with ſo much impudence, under the common denomination of, We, that is 'WE, Queen and Tories' are cyphers. *Nos numerus ſumus* is a ſcrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal *Woolſey*'s *Ego & Rex meus*. We find the ſame particle WE, uſed with great emphaſis and ſignificancy in the eighth page of this letter; 'But, nothing deciſive, nothing which had 'the appearance of earneſt, has been ſo much as at-'tempted, except that wiſe expedition to *Thoulon*, which 'WE ſuffered to be defeated before it began.' Whoever did, God forgive them: There were indeed ſeveral ſtories of diſcoveries made, by letters and meſſengers that were ſent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we ſhall now conſider his performance, under the three heads of wit, language, and argument. The firſt laſh of his ſatire falls upon the *Cenſor* of *Great-Britain*, who, ſays he, reſembles the famous *Cenſor* of *Rome*, in nothing but eſpouſing the 'cauſe of the vanquiſhed.' Our letter-writer here alludes to that known verſe in *Lucan*,

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

'The Gods eſpouſed the cauſe of the conquerors, but '*Cato* eſpouſed the cauſe of the vanquiſhed.' The misfortune is, that this verſe was not written of *Cato* the *Cenſor*, but of *Cato* of *Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquiſhed, reſembles the younger *Cato*, who was not a *Roman Cenſor*, I do not well conceive, unleſs it be in ſtruggling for the liberty of his country. To ſay therefore, that the *Cenſor* of *Great-Britain* reſembles that famous *Cenſor* of *Rome* in 'nothing but eſpouſing the cauſe of the vanquiſhed;' is juſt the ſame as if one ſhould ſay, in regard to the many obſcure truths and ſecret hiſtories that are brought to light in this letter, that the author of theſe new revelations reſembles the ancient author of the revelations 'in nothing but venturing his head.' Beſides that there would

would be no ground for ſuch a reſemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common reader, ſhould he thus miſtake one St. *John* for another, and apply that to St. *John* the *Evangeliſt* which relates to St. *John* the Baptiſt, who died many years before him?

Another ſmart touch of the author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a ſudden into a vein of poetry; and inſtead of writing a letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in theſe ſtrong lines: 'Paint, Sir, with that 'force which you are maſter of, the preſent ſtate of the 'war abroad; and expoſe to the public view thoſe prin-'ciples upon which, of late, it has been carried on, ſo 'different from thoſe upon which it was originally en-'tered into. Collect ſome few of the indignities which 'have been this year offered to her Majeſty, and of thoſe 'unnatural ſtruggles which have betrayed the weakneſs 'of a ſhattered conſtitution.' By the way, a man may be ſaid to paint a battle, or if you pleaſe a war; but I do not ſee how it is poſſible to paint the preſent ſtate of a war. So a man may be ſaid to deſcribe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural ſtruggles; but to collect the things themſelves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *Engliſh* proſe. Well, but what will be the uſe of this picture of a ſtate of the war? And this collection of indignities and ſtruggles; It ſeems the chief deſign of them is to make a dead man bluſh, as we may ſee in thoſe inimitable lines which immediately follow: 'And when this is done, *D*———*n* 'ſhall bluſh in his grave among the dead, *Walpole* among 'the living, and even Volpone* ſhall feel ſome remorſe.' Was there ever any thing, I will not ſay ſo ſtiff and ſo unnatural, but ſo brutal and ſo ſilly! this is downright hacking and hewing in ſatire. But we ſee a maſterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where without any reſpect to a Dutcheſs of *Great-Britain*, a

* The Earl of *Godolphin*, a nick-name given him by Doctor *Sacheverel*, in one of his ſermons.

Princeſs

Princeſs of the Empire, and one who was a boſom friend of her Royal Miſtreſs, he calls a great Lady 'an inſolent 'woman, the worſt of her ſex, a fury, an executioner of 'divine vengeance, a plague,' and applies to her a line which *Virgil* writ on *Alecto*. One would think this foul mouthed writer muſt have received ſome particular injuries, either from this great Lady, or from her huſband; and theſe the world ſhall be ſoon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the preſs, entitled, 'An eſſay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.' This author is ſo angry with every one that is pleaſed with the Duke of *Marlborough*'s victories, that he goes out of his way to abuſe one of the Queen's ſinging-men, who it ſeems did his beſt to celebrate a thankſgiving-day in an anthem: as you may ſee in that paſſage: 'Towns have 'been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has 'huzzaed before bonfires, the Stentor of the chapel has 'ſtrained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of '*Sarum* has deafened his audience from the pulpit.' Thus you ſee how like a true ſon of the high church, he falls upon a learned and reverend prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach ſedition, he is received by ſome men as a confeſſor; but if he cries aloud, and ſpares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greateſt public bleſſings that ever were beſtowed on a ſinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promiſed in the next place to conſider the language of this excellent author, who I find takes himſelf for an orator. In the firſt page he cenſures ſeveral for the poiſon which they 'profuſely ſcatter through the na-'tion;' that is, in plain *Engliſh*, for 'ſquandering away 'their poiſon.' In the ſecond he talks of 'carrying 'probability through the thread of a fable;' and in the third, 'of laying an odium at a man's door.' In the fourth he riſes in his expreſſions; where he ſpeaks of thoſe who would perſuade the people, that 'the

'General,

'General, the quondam Treaſurer, and the Junto, are 'the only objects of the confidence of the allies, and of 'the fears of the enemies.' I would adviſe this author to try the beauty of this expreſſion. Suppoſe a foreign Miniſter ſhould adviſe her Majeſty in the following manner, (for certainly it is her Majeſty only to whom the ſenſe of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are 'the object of the confidence of the allies,' or Madam, your Majeſty is the 'only object of the fears 'of the enemies.' Would a man think that he had learned *Engliſh?* I would have the author try by the ſame rule, ſome of his other phraſes, as page ſeven, where he tells us, 'That the balance of power in '*Europe*, would be ſtill precarious.' What would a tradeſman think, if one ſhould tell him in paſſion, that his 'ſcales were precarious;' and mean by it, that they were 'not fixed?' In the thirteenth page he ſpeaks of certain 'profligate wretches, who having uſurped the 'royal ſeat, reſolved to venture overturning the chariot 'of government, rather than to loſe their place in it.' A plain ſpoken man would have left the Chariot out of this ſentence, and ſo have made it good *Engliſh.* As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of ſpeech, but of metaphor; it being impoſſible for a man to have a place in the chariot which he drives. I would therefore adviſe this Gentleman, in the next edition of his letter, to change the Chariot of government into the Chaiſe of government, which will ſound as well, and ſerve his turn much better. I could be longer on the Errata of this very ſmall work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this letter-writer very much excels. This is called by ſome an *Anticlimax*, an inſtance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her, 'That ſhe has proved a farm to the bank, a province 'to *Holland*, and a jeſt to the whole world.' I never met with ſo ſudden a downfal in ſo promiſing a ſentence; 'a jeſt to the whole world,' gives ſuch an unexpected

turn

turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and ſurpriſed to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have obſerved more than two couplets of verſes that have been written in this figure; the firſt are thus quoted by Mr. *Dryden*.

Not only *London* echoes with thy fame,
But alſo *Iſlington* has heard the ſame.

The other are in *French*.

Allez vous, lui dit il, ſans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laiſſe voire honneur et vos gens.

But we need not go further than the letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. 'Mankind remains convinced, that a Queen 'poſſeſſed of all the virtues requiſite to bleſs a nation, 'or make a private family happy, ſits on the throne.' Is this panegyric or burleſque? To ſee ſo glorious a Queen celebrated in ſuch a manner, gives every good ſubject a ſecret indignation; and looks like *Scarron*'s character of the great Queen *Semiramis*, who, ſays that author, "was the founder of *Babylon*, Conqueror of the *Eaſt*, and an excellent houſewife."

The third ſubject being the argumentative part of his Letter, I ſhall leave until another occaſion.

Thurſday,

No. 3 Thurſday, September 28.

——————*Non defenſoribus iſtis*
Tempus eget. —————— Virg.

I Was once talking with an old hundrum fellow, and before I had heard his ſtory out, was called away by buſineſs. About three years after I met him again, when he immediately re-aſſumed the thread of his ſtory, and began his ſalutation with, 'but Sir, as I was telling 'you.' The ſame method has been made uſe of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the author of *Don Quixote*, who inſerts ſeveral novels in his works, and other parentheſis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his ſtory, *Hudibras* has broke off the 'Adventure of 'the Bear and Fiddle.' The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the courſe of a lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's reſpite; as the *Examiner*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewiſe done.

This may ſerve as an apology for poſtponing the examination of the argumentative part of 'the Letter to the 'Examiner, to a further day, though I muſt confeſs, this was occaſioned by a Letter which I received laſt poſt. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows:

"*Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleaſure, bred up "in the ſchool of *Socrates*; and one of the beſt orators "of his age, notwithſtanding he lived at a time when "learning was at its higheſt pitch: He was likewiſe "very famous for his military exploits, having gained

"great

" great conquests over the *Lacedæmonians*, who had " formerly been the confederates of his countrymen " against the great King of *Persia*, but were at that " time in alliance with the *Persians*. He had been " once so far misrepresented and traduced by the malice " of his enemies, that the priests cursed him. But af- " ter the great services which he had done for his coun- " try, they publicly repealed their curses, and changed " them into applauses and benedictions.

" *Plutarch* tells us, in the life of *Alcibiades*, that " one *Taureas*, an obscure man, contended with him " for a certain prize, which was to be conferred by " vote; at which time each of the competitors re- " commended himself to the *Athenians* by an oration. " The speech which *Alcibiades* made on that occasion " has been lately discovered among the manuscripts of " *King's-College* in *Cambridge*; and communicated to " me by my learned friend Doctor *Bentley*; who tells " me, that by a marginal note it appears, that this *Tau-* " *reas*, or, as the Doctor rather chooses to call him, *To-* " *ryas*, was an *Athenian* brewer. This speech I have " translated literally, changing very little in it, except " where it was absolutely necessary to make it under- " stood by an *English* reader. It is as follow:

" IS it then possible, O ye *Athenians*, that I, who " hitherto have had none but Generals to oppose " me, must now have an artisan for my antagonist? " That I, who have overthrown the princes of *Lace-* " *dæmon*, must now see myself in danger of being de- " feated by a brewer? What will the world say of the " goddess that presides over you, should they suppose " that you follow her dictates? would they think she " acted like herself, like the great *Minerva?* would " they now say she inspires her sons with wisdom? or " would they not rather say, she has a second time " chosen owls for her favourites? but O ye men of " *Athens*, what has this man done to deserve your " voices? you say he is honest, I believe it, and there-

" fore

" fore he ſhall brew for me. You ſay he is aſſiduous in
" his calling; And is he not grown rich by it? let him
" have your cuſtom but not your votes: You are now
" to caſt your eyes on thoſe who can detect the artifices
" of the common enemy, that can diſappoint your
" ſecret foes in the council, and your open ones in the
" field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has
" been tapping his liquors, while I have been ſpilling
" my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you,
" while I have been reaping laurels. Have I not borne
" the duſt and heat of the day, while he has been
" ſweating at the furnace? behold theſe ſcars, be-
" hold this wound which ſtill bleeds in your ſervice;
" what can *Taureas* ſhew you of this nature? what are
" his marks of honour? has he any other wound about
" him, except the accidental ſcaldings of his wort, or
" bruiſes from the tub or barrel? let it not, O *Athe-*
" *nians*, let it not be ſaid, that your Generals have
" conquered themſelves into your diſpleaſure, and loſt
" your favour by gaining you victories. Shall thoſe
" atchievements that have redeemed the preſent age
" from ſlavery, be undervalued by thoſe who feel the
" benefits of them? ſhall thoſe names that have made
" your city the glory of the whole earth, be mentioned
" in it with obloquy and detraction? will not your
" poſterity bluſh at their forefathers, when they ſhall
" read in the annals of their country, that *Alcibiades*
" in the ninetieth olympiad, after having conquered the
" *Lacedæmonians*, and recovered *Byzantium*, contended
" for a prize againſt *Taureas* the brewer? the compe-
" tition is diſhonourable, the defeat would be ſhameful.
" I ſhall not however ſlacken my endeavours for the
" ſecurity of my country. If ſhe is ungrateful, ſhe is
" ſtill *Athens*. On the contrary, as ſhe will ſtand more
" in need of defence, when ſhe has ſo degenerate a
" people; I will purſue my victories, until ſuch time as
" it ſhall be out of your power to hurt yourſelves, and
" that you may be in ſafety even under your preſent
" leaders. But oh! thou genius of *Athens*, whither art

" thou

" thou fled? where is now the race of thoſe glorious
" ſpirits that periſhed at the battle of *Thermopylæ*, and
" fought upon the plains of *Marathon?* are you weary
" of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which
" you took at *Agraulos*, 'That you would look upon
" the bounds of *Attica* to be thoſe ſoils only which are
" incapable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and o-
" lives? "' conſider your enemies the *Lacedæmonians*;
" did you ever hear that they preferred a coffee-man
" to *Ageſilaus?* no, though their Generals have been
" unfortunate, though they have loſt ſeveral battles,
" though they have not been able to cope with the
" troops of *Athens*, which I have conducted; they are
" comforted and condoled, nay, celebrated and extol-
" led, by their fellow-citizens. Their Generals have
" been received with honour after their defeat, yours
" with ignominy after conqueſt. Are there not men
" of *Taureas*'s temper and character, who tremble in
" their hearts at the name of the great King of *Perſia?*
" who have been againſt entering into a war with him,
" or for making a peace upon baſe conditions? that
" have grudged thoſe contributions which have ſet our
" country at the head of all the governments of *Greece?*
" that would diſhonour thoſe who have raiſed her to
" ſuch a pitch of glory? that would betray thoſe liber-
" ties which your fathers in all ages have purchaſed or
" recovered with their blood? and would proſecute
" your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury
" as of late years we have attacked the common enemy?
" I ſhall trouble you no more, O ye men of *Athens*;
" you know my actions, let my antagoniſt relate what
" he has done for you. Let him produce his vats and
" tubs, in oppoſition to the heaps of arms and ſtand-
" ards which were employed againſt you, and which
" I have wreſted out of the hands of your enemies.
" And when this is done, let him be brought into the
" field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can
" finiſh my conqueſt ſooner, I will not fail to meet him
" there in a triumphant chariot. But, oh ye Gods,

" let

" let not the King of *Perſia* laugh at the fall of *Alcibi-*
" *ades*! let him not ſay," ' the *Athenians* have avenged
' me upon their own Generals;' " or let me be rather
" ſtruck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian*, than diſ-
" graced by the voices of my fellow-citizens."

No. 4. Thurſday, October 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum. Sal.

HUdibras has defined nonſenſe, as *Cowley* does wit, by negatives. Nonſenſe, ſays he, is that which is neither true nor falſe. Theſe two great properties of nonſenſe, which are always eſſentiai to it, give it ſuch a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either anſwered or contradicted. It ſtands upon its own baſis like a rock of adamant, ſecured by its natural ſituation againſt all conqueſts or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal ſtrength. Its queſtions admit of no reply, and its aſſertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh colours in the midſt of darkneſs as to find out what to approve and diſapprove in nonſenſe: you may as well aſſault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obſcurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonſenſe, than in the moſt abſtruſe and profound tract of ſchool-divinity.

After this ſhort panegyrick upon nonſenſe, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader, as *Eraſmus*'s ' Encomium of folly;' I muſt here ſolemnly proteſt, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagoniſt,

antagoniſt, or to reflect any praiſe in an oblique manner upon the 'Letter to the *Examiner*:' I have no private conſiderations to warp me in this controverſy, ſince my firſt entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, becauſe it may be of great uſe to me in this diſpute, to ſtate the whole nature of nonſenſe; and becauſe it is a ſubject entirely new, I muſt take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonſenſe and low nonſenſe.

Low nonſenſe is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor diſpirited ſtile creeps along ſervilely through darkneſs and confuſion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way ſoftly amongſt ſelf-contradictions, and grovels in abſurdities.

Videri vult pauper, & eſt pauper.

He has neither wit nor ſenſe, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonſenſe bluſters and makes a noiſe: it ſhakes upon hard words, and rattles through polyſyllables. It is loud and ſonorous, ſmooth and periodical. It has ſomething in it like manlineſs and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* in the play called, 'the Neſt of Fools.' In a word, your high nonſenſe has a majeſtic appearance, and wears a moſt tremendous garb, like *Æſop*'s aſs cloathed in a lion's ſkin.

When *Ariſtotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was aſked whom he ſhould appoint for his ſucceſſor in the ſchool, two of his ſcholars being candidates for it; he called for two different ſorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that ſhewed themſelves in the ſtile and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been repreſented by wine; I ſhall repreſent thoſe kind of writings we are now ſpeaking of, by ſmall-beer.

Low nonſenſe is like that in the barrel which is altogether flat, taſteleſs, and inſipid. High nonſenſe is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more ſtrength and

and ſpirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the paſſions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonſenſe in every *Grub-ſtreet* production; but I think there are none of our preſent writers who have hit the ſublime in nonſenſe, beſides Doctor *Sacheverell* in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whoſe character in their reſpective profeſſions, there ſeems to be a very nice reſemblance.

There is ſtill another qualification in nonſenſe which I muſt not paſs over, being that which gives it the laſt finiſhing and perfection, and eminently diſcovers itſelf in the letter to the Examiner.—This is when an author without any meaning, ſeems to have it; and ſo impoſes upon us by the ſound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they ſignify ſomething. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the ſame deluſion; but after having read it, let him conſider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately diſcover the deceit. I did not indeed at firſt imagine there was in it ſuch a jargon of ideas, ſuch an inconſiſtency of notions, ſuch a confuſion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the ſenſe, which in ſome places he ſeems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer peruſal of it: Nevertheleſs, as no body writes a book without meaning ſomething, though he may not have the faculty of writing conſequentially, and expreſſing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would ſay, had he the gift of utterance. The ſyſtem of his politics, when diſembroiled and cleared of all thoſe incoherences and independent matters that are woven in this motley piece, will be as follows: The conduct of the late miniſtry is conſidered firſt of all in reſpect to foreign affairs, and ſecondly to domeſtic: As to the firſt he tells us, that 'the motives which engaged *Britain* in the preſent war, were both wiſe and generous;' ſo that the miniſtry is cleared as to that particular.

particular. Theſe motives he tells us were to reſtore 'the *Spaniſh* monarchy to the houſe of *Auſtria*, and to 'regain a barrier for *Holland*. The laſt of theſe two 'motives, he ſays, was effectually anſwered by the re-'duction of the *Netherlands* in the year 1706, or might 'have been ſo by the conceſſions which it is notorious 'that the enemy offered.' So that the miniſtry are here blamed for not contenting themſelves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the conceſſions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, *viz.* 'The reſtor-'ing the *Spaniſh* monarchy to the houſe of *Auſtria*,' he tells us, 'remained ſtill in its full force; and we were 'told,' ſays he, 'that though the barrier of *Holland* 'was ſecured, the trade of *Britain* and the balance of 'power in *Europe* would be ſtill precarious: *Spain* 'therefore muſt be conquered.' He then loſes himſelf in matter foreign to his purpoſe: But what he endeavours in the ſequel of his diſcourſe, is to ſhew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the *Spaniſh* monarchy: 'that the whole ſtreſs of the war has been 'wantonly laid where *France* is beſt able to keep us at 'a bay;' that the *French* King has made it impoſſible for himſelf to give up *Spain*, and that the Duke of *Anjou* has made it as impoſſible for us to conquer it: Nay, 'that inſtead of regaining *Spain*, we ſhall find 'the Duke of *Anjou* in a condition to pay the debt of 'gratitude, and ſupport the grandfather in his declining 'years, by whoſe arms in the days of his infancy he 'was upheld' He then intimates to us, that the *Dutch* and the Emperor will be ſo very well ſatisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the houſe of *Bourbon* in the quiet poſſeſſion of the *Spaniſh* monarchy.

This ſtrange huddle of politics has been ſo fully anſwered by General *Stanhope*, that if the author had delayed the publiſhing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of this elaborate production. Notwithſtanding all that the *French* King or the

the Duke of *Anjou* have been able to do, notwithſtanding the feeble efforts we have made in *Spain*, notwithſtanding 'the little care the Emperor takes to 'ſupport King *Charles*,' notwithſtanding the *Dutch* might have been contented 'with a larger and better country 'than their own already conquered for them,' that victorious General at the head of *Engliſh* and *Dutch* forces, in conjunction with thoſe of the Emperor, has wreſted *Spain* out of the hands of the houſe of *Bourbon*; and added the conqueſts of *Navarre*, *Arragon*, and *Caſtile*, to thoſe of *Catalonia*, *Bavaria*, *Flanders*, *Mantua*, *Milan*, *Naples*, *Sicily*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Sardinia*. Such a wonderful ſeries of victories, and thoſe aſtoniſhing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: They puzzle and confound the preſent age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by poſterity. Will the trifling author of this letter ſay, that the miniſtry did not apply themſelves to the reduction of *Spain*, when the whole kingdom was twice conquered in their adminiſtration? The letter-writer ſays, 'that the *Dutch* 'had gained a good barrier after the battle of *Ramilliès* 'in the Year 1706. But I would fain aſk him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Bruſſels*, *Ghent* and *Bruges*, could be thought a ſtronger barrier, or that thoſe important conqueſts did not want ſeveral towns and forts to cover them? but it ſeems our great General on that ſide has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. But, ſays the letter-writer, 'the ſtreſs of the war was laid in the wrong 'place.' But if the laying the ſtreſs of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole ſtrength of *France*; if it weakened *Spain*, and left it expoſed to an equal force; if *France*, without being preſſed on this ſide, could have aſſiſted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the ſituation, it could have ſent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as *England* could two regiments; every impartial judge would

think that the ſtreſs of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author of this confuſed diſſertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by theſe conqueſts, and put us out of humour with our chief allies, the Emperor and the *Dutch*. He tells us, 'they hoped *England* would have 'been taken care of, after having ſecured a barrier for '*Holland*:' As if *England* were not taken care of by this very ſecuring a barrier for *Holland*; which has always been looked upon as our bulwark, or as Mr. *Waller* expreſſes it, our 'outguard on the continent;' and which, if it had fallen into the hands of the *French*, would have made *France* more ſtrong by ſea than all *Europe* beſides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders*, by opening our trade into the *Levant*, by ſecuring ports for us in *Gibraltar*, *Minorca* and *Naples*, and by that happy proſpect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England*, than any conqueſt we can make of towns and provinces? not to mention the demoliſhing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the laſt parliament, and which we never ſo much as propoſed to ourſelves at our firſt engaging in this war.

As for this author's aſperſions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have ſometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the ſecretary of ſtate. Had he not been looked upon as an inſignificant ſcribbler, he muſt have occaſioned remonſtrances and memorials: Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below reſentment. This puts me in mind of an honeſt *Scotchman*, who, as he was walking along the ſtreets of *London*, heard one calling out after him, *Scot*, *Scot*, and caſting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobious language againſt that ancient nation: *Sawney* turned about in a great paſſion, and found, to his ſurpriſe, that the perſon who abuſed him was a ſaucy parrot that hung up not far

from

from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his ſword, and told him, were he a man as he were a green-gooſe, he would have run him through the womb.

The next head our politician goes upon, relates to our domeſtic affairs; where I am extremely at a loſs to know what he would be at: All that I can gather from him is, that 'the Queen had grieved her ſubjects' in making choice of ſuch men for her miniſters, as raiſed the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in theſe our days.

N8 5. Thurſday, October 12.

Parere jam non ſcelus eſt. Martial.

WE live in a nation where at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle head that does not teem with politics. The whole iſland is peopled with ſtateſmen, and not unlike *Trinculo*'s kingdom, of Vice-roys, every man has contrived a ſcheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-ſubjects, which they may follow and be ſafe.

After this ſhort preface, by which, as an *Engliſhman*, I lay in my claim to be a politician; I ſhall enter on my diſcourſe.

The chief point that has puzzled the Freeholders of *Great-Britain*, as well as all thoſe that pay ſcot and lot, for about theſe ſix months laſt paſt, is this, whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, juſt and upright, a friend, a father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleaſes, may drive away or plunder, impriſon or kill, without oppoſition or reſiſtance. This is the true ſtate of the controverſy relating to Paſſive-obedience and Non-reſiſtance. For I muſt obſerve, that the advocates for this doctrine have ſtated the caſe in the ſofteſt and moſt palatable terms that it will bear: And we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a queſtion; and that many a motion will paſs with a *nemine contradicente* in ſome words, that would have been as unanimouſly rejected in others. Paſſive-obedience and Non-reſiſtance are of a mild, gentle, and meek ſpirited ſound: They have reſpect but to one ſide of the relation between the ſovereign and the ſubject,

and

and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but thoſe of peace, tranquility, and reſignation. To ſhew this doctrine in thoſe black and odious colours that are natural to it, we ſhould conſider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the people: The queſtion will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether reſiſtance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms againſt our Prince; but whether the *Engliſh* form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? whether our Prince be obliged by our conſtitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and deſpotical?

It is impoſſible to ſtate the meaſures of Obedience, without ſettling the extent of Power; or to deſcribe the Subject, without defining the King. An arbitrary Prince is in juſtice and equity the maſter of a non-reſiſting people; for where the power is uncircumſcribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. Paſſive-obedience and Non-reſiſtance are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the will of a Grand Signior or a Mogul. The ſame power which thoſe Princes enjoy in their reſpective governments, belongs to the legiſlative body in our conſtitution; and that for the ſame reaſon; becauſe no body of men is ſubject to laws, or can be controuled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they ſhall think fit. Were our legiſlature veſted in the perſon of our Prince, he might doubtleſs wind and turn our conſtitution at his pleaſure; he might ſhape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppreſs, perſecute, or deſtroy, and no man ſay to him, What doſt thou?

If therefore we would rightly conſider our form of government, we ſhould diſcover the proper meaſures of our duty and obedience; which can never riſe too high to our Sovereign, whilſt he maintains us in thoſe rights and liberties we were born to. But to ſay that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and aſſert; that liberty and property are the birth-right of the *Engliſh*

nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we muſt upon no pretence reſiſt, but remain altogether paſſive; nay, that in ſuch a caſe we muſt all loſe our lives unjuſtly rather than defend them: This, I ſay, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; ſince it is plain, that ſuch a paſſive ſubjection, ſuch an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legiſlative body.

Were theſe ſmooth enſnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controverſy of Non-reſiſtance ſet in this juſt light, we ſhould have wanted many thouſands of hands to ſome late addreſſes. I would fain know what Freeholder in *England* would have ſubſcribed the following addreſs, had it been offered to him; or whether her Majeſty, who values the rights of her ſubjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the reader, if this has not been the ſenſe of many addreſſes, when taken out of ſeveral artificial qualifying expreſſions, and expoſed in their true and genuine light.

MADAM,

"IT is with unſpeakable grief of heart, that we "hear a ſet of men daily preaching up among us "that pernicious and damnable doctrine of ſelf-preſer- "vation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public "writings, as in their private diſcourſes, that it is "lawful to reſiſt a tyrant, and take up arms in defence "of their lives and liberties. We have the utmoſt "horror and deteſtation of theſe diabolical principles, "that may induce your people to riſe up in vin- "dication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a "wicked Prince ſhall make uſe of his royal authority "to ſubvert them. We are aſtoniſhed at the bold and "impious attempts of thoſe men, who, under the reign "of the beſt of Sovereigns, would avow ſuch dan-

"gerous

"gerous tenets as may ſecure them under the worſt. "We are reſolved to beat down and diſcountenance "theſe ſeditious notions, as being altogether republi-"can, jeſuitical, and conformable to the practice of "our rebellious forefathers; who in all ages, at an in-"finite expence of blood and treaſure, aſſerted their "rights and properties, and conſulted the good of "their poſterity by reſiſtance, arms, and pitched battles, "to the great trouble and diſquiet of their lawful "Prince. We do therefore in the moſt humble and "dutiful manner ſolemnly proteſt and declare, that we "will never reſiſt a Sovereign that ſhall think fit to de-"ſtroy our *Magna Charta*, or invade thoſe rights and "liberties which thoſe traitors procured for us; but "will venture our lives and fortunes againſt ſuch of our "fellow ſubjects who think they may ſtand up in de-"fence of them."

It happens very unluckily that there is ſomething ſo ſupple and inſinuating in this abſurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear: For which reaſon the publiſhers of it have always been the favourites of weak Kings. Even thoſe who have no inclination to do hurt to others, ſays the famous ſatiriſt, would have the power of doing it if they pleaſed. Honeſt men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they ſhall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with ſuch baſe and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the laſt in the royal favour. Nor indeed would that be unreaſonable, if the profeſſors of Non-reſiſtance and Paſſive-obedience would ſtand to their principle: But inſtead of that we ſee they never fail to exert themſelves againſt an arbitrary power, and to caſt off the oppreſſion when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late revolution riſe up unanimouſly with thoſe who always declared their ſubjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? and

very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to poſts of truſt and honour, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-ſubjects, what was the behaviour of theſe men of meek and reſigned principles? did not the Church-memorial, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and ſentiments of their party, tell her Majeſty that it would not be ſafe for her to rely upon their doctrines of Paſſive-obedience and Non-reſiſtance, for that 'nature might rebel againſt principles?' Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practiſe Non-reſiſtance to a Prince that pleaſes them, and Paſſive-obedience when they ſuffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and aſked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a ſcratching his head, and tells him, why yes truly, he had taken ſuch an oath, 'but 'it was a hard thing that an oath ſhould be a man's 'maſter.' This is in effect the language of the church in the above mentioned memorial. Men of theſe ſoft peaceable diſpoſitions in times of proſperity, put me in mind of *Kirk*'s lambs; for that was the name he uſed to give his dragoons that had ſignalized themſelves above the reſt of the army by many military atchievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal conſequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The firſt of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleaſes with impunity, he will be leſs careful and cautious of doing what he ſhould do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a ſaying of *Thales* the wiſe *Mileſian*, 'that of all wild beaſts a tyrant is the worſt, 'and of all tame beaſts a flatterer.' They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exiſt together. Perſuade a Prince that he is irreſiſtible, and he will take

take care not to let ſo glorious an attribute lie dead and uſeleſs by him. An arbitrary power has ſomething ſo great in it, that he muſt be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This conſequence of the doctrine I have been ſpeaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no leſs deſtructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very viſibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the aſſurances of his people, that they would never reſiſt him upon any pretence whatſoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the reſtraint of laws, by diſpenſing with them, and taking on him that power which was veſted in the whole legiſlative body. And what was the dreadful end of ſuch a proceeding? it is too freſh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the profeſſors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The ſame perſons are the actors, both in the temptation and the puniſhment. They aſſure him they will never reſiſt, but retain their obedience under the utmoſt ſufferings; he tries them in a few inſtances, and is depoſed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James*'s reign the Quakers preſented an addreſs, which gave great offence to the high church-men of thoſe times. But notwithſtanding the uncourtlineſs of their phraſes, the ſenſe was very honeſt. The addreſs was as follows, to the beſt of my memory, for then I took great notice of it; and may ſerve as a counter-part to the foregoing one.

"THeſe are to teſtify to thee our ſorrow for our "friend *Charles*, whom we hope thou wilt fol- "low in every thing that is good.

"We hear that thou art not of the religion of the "land any more than we, and therefore may reaſon- "ably expect that thou wilt give us the ſame liberty "that thou takeſt thyſelf.

" We hope that in this and in all things elſe thou " wilt promote the good of thy people, which will " oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long " and proſperous."

Had all King *James*'s ſubjects addreſſed him with the ſame integrity; he had, in all probability, ſat upon his throne until death had removed him from it.

THE

LOVER.

Phyllida amo ante alias: Nam me diſcedere flevit.

Virg.

THE LOVER.

N° 10. Thurſday, March 18.

——Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.

I Have lately been very much teized with the thought of Mrs. *Ann Page*, and the memory of thoſe many cruelties which I ſuffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of China-ware, againſt which I had unfortunately declared my averſion. I do not know but this was the firſt occaſion of her coldneſs towards me, which makes me ſick at the very ſight of a China-diſh ever ſince. This is the beſt introduction I can make for my preſent diſcourſe, which may ſerve to fill up a gap until I am more at leiſure to reſume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more ſurprize me than their paſſions for chalk and china. The firſt of theſe maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is viſited with the ſecond, it generally takes poſſeſſion of her for life. China-veſſels are play-things for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourſcore ſhall be as buſy in cleaning an *Indian* Mandarine, as her great grand daughter is in dreſſing her baby.

The common way of purchaſing ſuch trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old ſuits of cloaths for this brittle ware. The potters of china have

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like uſeful products of our *Britiſh* potteries, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and diſpoſed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to theſe which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of ſome uſe, and might be taken down on all occaſions to be employed in ſervices of the family; beſides that they are intolerably cheap, and moſt ſhamefully durable and laſting.

№ 39. Tueſday, May 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres———— Hor.

SInce I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many viſits from unfortunate fellow-ſufferers who have been croſſed in love as well as myſelf.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's ſide, is one of thoſe who often repair to me for my advice. *Will* is a fellow of good ſenſe, but puts it to little other uſe than to torment himſelf. He is a man of ſo refined an underſtanding, that he can ſet a conſtruction upon every thing to his own diſadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himſelf abuſed by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination againſt him. In ſhort, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the ſpleen: You may be ſure a man of this humour makes a very whimſical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that paſſion, and by a very curious interpretation of his miſtreſs's behaviour, has in leſs than three months reduced himſelf to a perfect ſkeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, ſhe gives him all

the

the encouragement another man could wiſh, but has the mortification to find that her lover ſtill ſowers upon her hands. *Will* is diſſatisfied with her, whether ſhe ſmiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reſerved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will*, and makes him lie awake all night———As I was going on with *Will Wormwood*'s amour, I received a preſent from my bookſeller, which I found to be 'The 'moral characters of *Theophraſtus*,' tranſlated from the *Greek* into *Engliſh* by Mr. *Budgell* *.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this tranſlation; when I had begun to peruſe it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably ſurpriſed to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, 'A diſcontented temper,' which gives a livelier picture of my couſin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him myſelf. It is as follows.

Printed for J. Tonson in 1714.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

A diſcontented Temper.

'A diſcontented temper, is "A frame of mind which 'ſets a man upon complaining without reaſon." 'When 'one of his neighbours who makes an entertainment, 'ſends a ſervant to him with a plate of any thing that 'is nice, What, ſays he,' "your maſter did not think "me good enough to dine with him?" 'he complains 'of his miſtreſs at the very time ſhe is careſſing him; 'and when ſhe redoubles her kiſſes and endearments, "I "wiſh, ſays he,' "all this came from your heart." 'In 'a dry ſeaſon he grumbles for want of rain, and when 'a ſhower falls, mutters to himſelf,' "Why could not "this have come ſooner?" 'If he happens to find a 'purſe of money,' "had it been a pot of gold, ſays "he, it would have been worth ſtooping for." 'He 'takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of 'a ſlave; and after he has paid his money for him,' "I "am ſure, ſays he, thou art good for nothing, or I ſhould "not have had thee ſo cheap." When a meſſenger comes 'with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought 'to bed of a ſon, he anſwers,' "That is as much as to "ſay, friend, I am poorer by half to day than I was yeſter-"day." 'Though he has gained a cauſe with full coſts 'and damages, he complains that his council did not 'inſiſt upon the moſt material points. If after any miſ-'fortune has befallen him, his friends raiſe a voluntary 'contribution for him, and deſire him to be merry,' "how is that poſſible, ſays he, when I am to pay every "one of you his money again, and be obliged to you "into the barg ai?"

The inſtances of a diſcontented temper which *Theophraſtus* has here made uſe of, like thoſe which he ſingles out to illuſtrate the reſt of his characters, are choſen with the greateſt nicety, and full of humour. His ſtrokes are always fine and exquiſite, and though they are not ſometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarſe reader, cannot but give the higheſt pleaſure to every man of a refined taſte, who has a thorough inſight into human nature.

As for the tranſlation, I have never ſeen any of a proſe author which has pleaſed me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for tranſlators, by preſerving every where the life and ſpirit of his author, without ſervilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by performances of this nature, ſo often inculcate when they adviſe a tranſlator to find out ſuch particular elegances in his own tongue as bear ſome analogy to thoſe he ſees in the original, and to expreſs himſelf by ſuch phraſes as his author would probably have made uſe of, had he written in the language into which he is tranſlated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a ſhort circumſtance, the meaning of *Theophraſtus* is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A tranſlator, who does not thus conſider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with ſuch parallel turns of thoughts and expreſſion as correſpond with one another in both of them, may value himſelf upon being a 'faithful interpreter;' but in works of wit and humour will never do juſtice to his author, or credit to himſelf.

As this is every where a judicious and a reaſonable liberty, ſee no chapter in *Theophraſtus* where it has been ſo much indulged, and in which it was ſo abſolutely neceſſary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the tranſlator himſelf, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is ſtill apprehenſive that there may be ſomething too

groſs in the deſcription. The reader will ſee with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and caſt into ſhades every thing that was ſhocking in ſo nauſeous a figure.

CHAP. XIX.

A Sloven.

'Slovenlineſs is' "ſuch a neglect of a man's perſon, "as makes him offenſive to other people." 'The ſloven 'comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, 'and 'a ſet of long nails at the end of them, and tells you 'for an excuſe, that his father and grandfather uſed to 'do ſo before him. However, that he may out-go 'his fore-fathers, his fingers are covered with warts of 'his own raiſing. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes 'care to let you ſee it. His teeth and breath are per-'fectly well ſuited to one another. He lays about him 'at table after a moſt extraordinary manner, and takes 'in a meal at a mouthful; which he ſeldom diſpoſes of 'without offending the company. In drinking he ge-'nerally makes more haſte than good ſpeed. When he 'goes into the bath, you may eaſily find him out by 'the ſcent of his oil, and diſtinguiſh him when he is 'dreſſed by the ſpots in his coat. He does not ſtand 'upon decency in converſation, but will talk ſmut, 'though a prieſt and his mother be in the room. He 'commits a blunder in the moſt ſolemn offices of devo-'tion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a con-'ſort of muſick he breaks in upon the performance, 'hums over the tune to himſelf, or if he thinks it long, 'aſks the muſicians' "whether they will never have "done?" 'he always ſpits at random, and if he is at 'an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the 'ſervant who ſtands behind him.'

The

The foregoing tranſlation brings to my remembrance that excellent obſervation of my Lord *Roſcommon's*.

None yet have been with admiration read,
But who, beſide their learning were well-bred.
Lord *Roſcommon's* eſſay on tranſlated verſe.

If after this the reader can endure the filthy repreſentation of the ſame figure expoſed in its worſt light, he may ſee how it looks in the former *Engliſh* verſion, which was publiſhed ſome years ſince, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere*.

Naſtineſs or Slovenlineſs.

'Slovenlineſs is a lazy and beaſtly negligence of a 'man's own perſon, whereby he becomes ſo ſordid, as 'to be offenſive to thoſe about him. You will ſee him 'come into company when he is covered all over with 'a leproſy and ſcurf, and with very long nails, and ſays, 'thoſe diſtempers were hereditary, that his father and 'grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in 'his thighs, and boils upon his hands, which he takes 'no care to have cured, but lets them run on until they 'are gone beyond remedy. His arm pits are all hairy, 'and moſt part of his body like a wild beaſt. His teeth 'are black and rotten, which makes his breath ſtink 'ſo that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he 'will alſo ſnuff up his noſe and ſpit out as he eats, 'and uſes to ſpeak with his mouth crammed full, and 'lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches 'in the cup as he is drinking, and uſes naſty ſtinking 'oil in the bath. He will intrude into the beſt com-'pany in ſordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his 'mother to the ſoothſayers, he cannot then refrain from 'wicked and prophane expreſſions. When he is making 'his oblations at the temple, he will let the diſh drop 'out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had

'done

'done ſome brave exploit. At the fineſt conſort of 'muſick he cannot forbear clapping his hands and mak-'ing a rude noiſe; will pretend to ſing along with them, 'and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, 'he ſpits full upon the ſervants who waited there.'

I cannot cloſe this paper without obſerving, that if gentlemen of leiſure and genius would take the ſame pains upon ſome other *Greek* or *Roman* author, that has been beſtowed upon this, the world would ſoon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between *putting an author into Engliſh*, and tranſlating him.

End of the SECOND *Volume.*